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MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

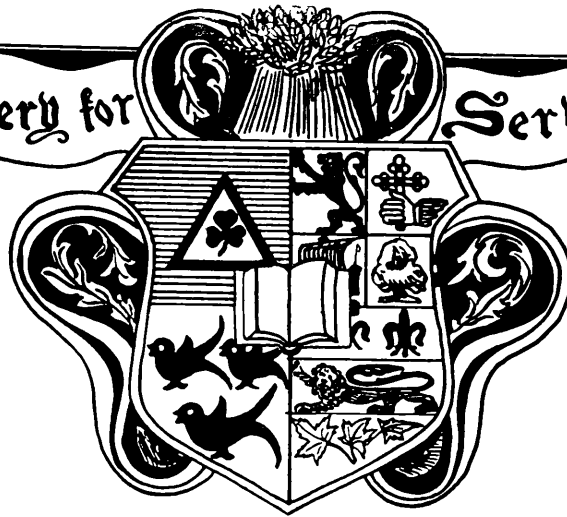
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Mastery for Service.



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No. III

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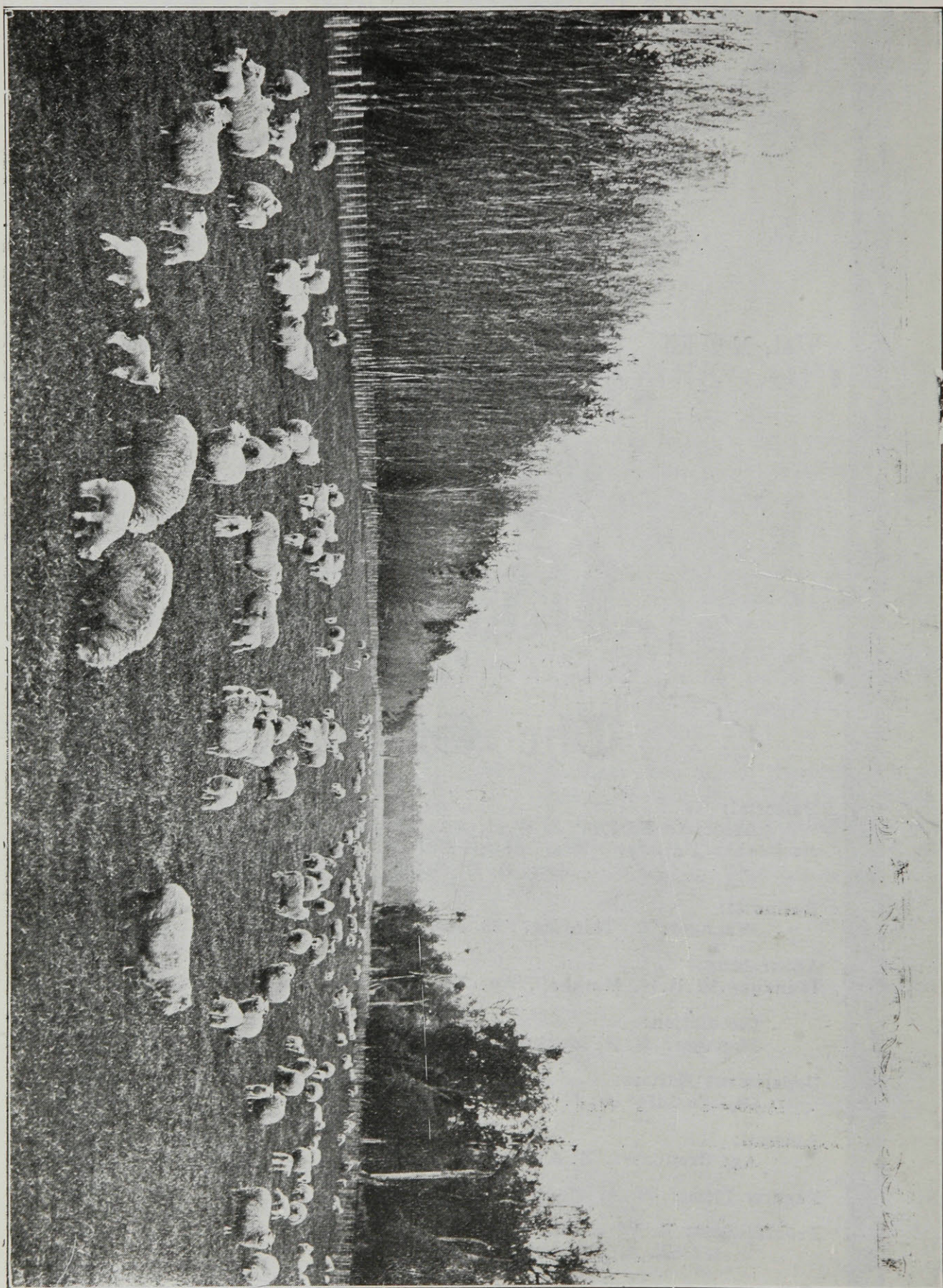
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THE
MACDONALD COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

"MASTERY FOR SERVICE"

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL. XVII

MARCH — APRIL

No. III



Editorial reference was made in the last issue of this publication to the effect that the current term started off like a mixed drink. In the strength of our retrospections we can say that the Master of the Liqueurs himself could not have presented a more palatable draught to us than has been our lot to share. The shaking was undeniably well done and we feel that this marks the end of an exceptional term. The Literary and Debating Society's entertainments have been, on the average, of a standard which surpasses that of recent years. The S. C. A. functions have been well accepted by the majority of students. The College Basketball and Hockey Teams, if not actually covering themselves with glory, proved the quality of their metal in a noble manner against heavy odds during their recent visit to the Eastern Townships. Who will say us nay when we assert that the esprit

de corps of Macdonald College has been worthily upheld?

We rest confident in our belief that this Magazine has been in the van of the move upward toward higher standards. It has not acted the Sick Man of Europe to the more progressive activities but has advanced shoulder to shoulder with them. Much criticism has been levelled at us on the grounds that we included articles in our last two issues that evidenced poor taste on the part of the writer and bad judgment on our part for sanctioning their publication. To this criticism we pay no attention. It comes in the main from a section of the student body which is, as far as a contributory interest in the Magazine goes, parasitic, pure and simple. To honest, impersonal criticism from our sincere supporters we ever lend a thankful ear. We serve our purpose to the best of our ability, and any helpful advice from those

qualified to take the rôle of critic, and a critic's is by no means a task for the narrow calibre mind, is welcomed, and if justified by the consensus of opinion of the thinking section of the student body, is accepted and our policy altered accordingly. However, the recent unpleasantness has quite removed from our minds any doubts regarding the importance of this organ that may have existed. An insignificant factor in college life could not have roused the indignation that was evidenced in certain circles a month ago.

We are pleased to see the appearance of a healthier spirit of co-operation between the staff and the students regarding the question of the Formals. Looking into the future, we have visions of greater liberality in all things, and we hail the second formal dance as the foundation of a more

sympathetic and democratic system of association between the two interests.

We regret to announce the resignation from the Magazine Board of our Science Assistant Editor. Miss Worden has done much for the Magazine in her only too brief term of office, and it is a cause of regret to us that these pages have lost her support.

Our sincerest wishes for a happy summer go out with all the sophomores, Freshmen and Winter Course students in Agriculture upon their departure in the near future. They will be scattered all over the land; some will be travelling in foreign countries also, but whoever they are or wherever they be, the assurance is theirs that their Alma Mater will be ready to welcome them back when the time comes to buckle down to another college session.



The Visions of a Dreamer

—————Hotel,
Montreal, P.Q.,
March 19th, 1940

Dear——:—

No doubt you are very much surprised to hear from me after all these years of silence. It is over ten years now since we graduated from Mac and much has happened in that time. I heard from Jack that you were comfortably married and settled down to the occupation of raising a nice little family. He seems to be quite fond of your kiddies and if you have no doubts as to the propriety of entertaining one of your old classmates, seeing he is a hard-bitten old bachelor, then I'd like to drop in on you some day and have a talk with you on the old times.

You will probably be wondering why I never married, since I was one of the chosen three whom Class '28 swore would get hitched up the first after graduation. Well, I was quite keen on——, you remember her—the girl I used to rave over in my Junior Year. But it came to nothing. The inevitable third side of the triangle came into our affair and he won out. After all this time, I still feel it pretty badly, although I hear she is very happy with him. I guess she chose the right man after all. Such is life.

After the break I nearly went to pieces and, when normal once more swore off women for the rest of my life. You may think I am easily discouraged, but I know only too well what the affair nearly cost me. I often think now that perhaps I laid too much faith in women as a whole,

but you know what an idealistic young chap I used to be.

When it was all over, I followed the disappointed lover of fiction's procedure and took up my commission in the service again. That was when they were kicking up such a shindy out East, and I went out as sub on H. M. S. "——". I was all through the campaign out there and got knocked about pretty badly in the affair off Ceylon. Anyway, seven years ago I was left to die in the Service Hospital in Madras, but pulled through, contrary to all expectations, and went up into the Hills as assistant manager of my uncle's tea plantation at ——. Worked like a nigger for five years, and then the old boy pegged out, leaving me the sole heir to all his possessions. Seeing a good opportunity to sell, and craving white men's company again, I came across the pond and arrived back in Canada, a lean, cynical and fairly wealthy man. I still am cynical and "monied" but the easy life here has given me quite a paunch. I said the easy life, not the good drinks, you old nut.

I have just got back in town after a week's visit to old "Mac". They tell me you have only been back once, and that at the 1930 Reunion. You certainly would be surprised to see how different the old place is now.

As I drove down from town and entered the famous gates the thought came into my mind — "Lord, the College hasn't changed a bit," but it didn't take me long to find out the difference between Mac now and what it was when we were there.

You remember I used to swear that it had all the potentialities of being the snuggest and happiest little college in the world . Well, my dreams have come true and I think it is.

Of course, there have been material changes too, for instance—there is a new Mens' Residence. They have a men students' body of some four hundred now, due to the agreement entered into with the Imperial Government. The new building is a beauty. Of the same exterior design as the others, it is fitted up inside to allow each student his own study and each shares a bedroom with another boy. You remember how hard it used to be to get any work done when both had to live, sleep and study in the same room. There is keen competition among the men to get a set of rooms in the new building

Another big improvement is the new Tea House. When the old place closed down, an enterprising Students' Council saw their opportunity to do the College a real service. They took over Dr. Harrison's old residence, had the interior redecorated and produced the cosiest little place for a The Dansant you ever saw. It is really a wonderful innovation. The college dance orchestra plays from four till seven on Wednesday and Friday and from five till eight on Saturdays. The junior classes in the Women's Residence are allowed to stay out till seven on these days and till nine on Saturdays, with a result that the place is always well filled and I believe the Students' Council Treasury is filled to overflowing as a result of the profits. A graduate Senior Administrator is in charge, and there are three or four more on the personnel. I went there every day while I was there and many of the students must have wondered who the "lonely

old codger" was . It gave me quite a kick to see how thoroughly everybody enjoyed themselves and how above board the whole show was run.

My week's stay also gave me the privilege of attending their third Formal. They have four a year now . You would hardly have known it was the same college, if you had been there. About five or six hundred guests is the average attendance now and they have to use both the Girls' Gymnasium and the Main Dining Room to dance in. When I was there they had the orchestras from the Ritz and Mount Royal Hotel playing for them. They can well afford it with their increased prosperity—and the whole affair was wonderful. Dancing from eight till three—with a Buffet Supper. Can you beat it?

Yes, the old place has bucked up tremendously in the last ten years. I almost wish I was starting in there as a Freshie again.

The courses are much the same as before, only specialization starts in the Sophomore year instead of in the third. You remember how we used to kick at taking a multitude of subjects which hadn't the slightest bearing on the desired "magnum opus." An intending Horticultural expert had to sweat up huge volumes of chemistry, which he just as promptly forgot, and an embryo chemist or bacteriologist was forced to delve into the Preservation of the Farm Wood Lot, or learn how to plant perennials. Now the Freshies get a pretty intensive nine months general course and go into their selected options at the beginning of the second year. I think the extremely high standard of the Mac graduates is due in a large measure to this system.

Then they have a different system of examinations, too. The monthly test idea still continues but any student who pulls an average of seventy-five percent or over in these tests is exempted from the final exams. Professor——assured me that this is a great improvement. The students work harder all along in order to get the bugbear of a heavy final examination off their shoulders.

Well, here I see it is time for me

to go and dress, for I have a party on the programme. (Yes, it's strictly stag.) I could go on for hours in this rambling old fashion. Doesn't, age make one retrospective?

Please write to me if you feel inclined. I am trying to get into touch with as many of the good old class as possible, although some seem to have vanished beyond my ken.

Your Friend

Who Says

"My dear child, where are your rubbers."

"Do you get my point."

"These here and those there."

"A good example of that is."

"An amusing interlude."

"Clearly yes."

"In this case the man was a live wire."

"My God, my God, it's acid."

"Well, look you here, Sir, when I was in Glasgow."—



Me On My Downfall

With apologies to the author of *Me. On my Downfall.!*

*A cloud has drifted o'er my world.
The sun has ceased to shine.*

*A silence cold is round me furled.
Alone I'm left to pine.*

*The birds that oft delighted me.
With cheerful chirp, and chatter,*

*Will sing no more their merry glee.
Have stilled their joyous patter.*

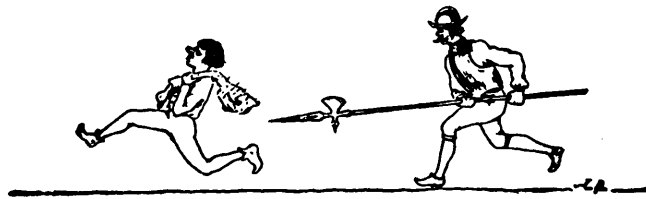
*The world is drear, An anguish keen
Cuts though my humble breast.*

*My food—that once seemed fat—is lean
For eating I've no zest.*

*Despite the wrath, the glance of lead,
Th'invective long and loud.*

*Despite their fearsome scorn, my head,
Is bloody, but unbowed.*

W. F. GOUGH.



The Five Bridges

R. P. GORHAM, Class' II

Five bridges to carry a road over one small stream is unusual in any land. When that land is Nova Scotia and the place only a little more than a mile in direct line from Fort Ann, the old Port Royal of Acadia, one may expect to find connected with it historic associations. Few places have more, few are less well known. Choose any one of the five bridges to rest upon and view the scenery of the place, one of the fairest in a lovely land. Try to recall in mental picture some of the scenes of the play of centuries acted in the setting before you. Listen to the rushing sounds of the water among the boulders, and, if your ear is attuned, you may hear above its clamour sounds of history in keeping with the scene, faint, but mellow with the years.

That faint tapping sound which does not seem a part of the varied noises of the stream. What is it? An arrowmaker is chipping flint for the heads of Micmac arrows. On your left, as you gaze down the stream, is the site of the oldest Indian village known in Acadia and used so long in prehistoric times that the ground is thickly strewn with arrowmakers' chips. Stroll over into that little pasture where the cows are grazing if you will and will find no difficulty in picking out certain boulders on which the ancient arrowmaker sat and plied his trade, marking the spot for centuries to come with the chips flaked from the arrow points he made.

Another sound may be heard in the imagination as one listens to

the stream. It is regular but not loud; the dipping of paddles as travellers approach the rapid from the sea.

This stream is the ancient highway across Nova Scotia from the basin of Port Royal to the Atlantic shore. The Micmac camp stood at 'the head of tide' where inland navigation began. At this place lived Membertou, the chief who welcomed Cartier and Champlain to Acadia; who took part in the festivals of the order of Good Times, learned of the white man's religion, and, with some of his followers, was the first American to be baptized in the Christian faith. His tribe learned still more of the white man and his ways in later years, were driven from their camp site and hunted like wild beasts with a bounty on the heads of men, women and children. In spite of this the Micmac clung to the religion he had learned. When you tire of history at the five bridges, walk a half mile up the road beside the stream or up the old Indian path to the present Indian village. There you will find descendants of Membertou who have bought for themselves land as near as may be to their old village site. If in Annapolis Royal on a Sunday you will see these Micmacs on their way to church where for the past century and a quarter they have been regular attendants every sabbath day.

A louder sound may be heard above the rushing of the water under the bridges. A regular thud and creak, and, with it, the sound of voices. Other travellers are approaching, this

time in ships boats propelled by oars. In the boats you can picture Champlain, Sieur de Poutrincourt, Marc Lescarbot and the youthful Biencourt. They land at the village on the left as you gaze down-stream. The Indians cluster about and look in wonder as the strange white men measure the width and depth of the stream and select a site for a dam. Look again. The sailors and workmen are rolling and carrying granite boulders and piling them in order across the stream, fitting logs in place and carrying gravel and earth to fill the spaces so the dam will hold back the water. Three and a quarter centuries have passed since, but there before your eyes is the dam. Those boulders of granite were placed in position under the direction of Sieur de Poutrincourt and Marc Lescarbot in **1606**.

Can you hear above the murmur of the waters, now rushing through the rocks of the dam, that grating, creaking sound and the guttural exclamations of the Indians? What is it? The first wheels of industry in all America are beginning to move as the forces of the first stream to be harnessed on this continent press with indignant force against them. There stand the leaders, Poutrincourt, Champlain, Lescarbot, and smile to see their work successful, while, as Lescarbot noted in his record, "the savages marvelled greatly." The art of making canoes to navigate the stream they knew, but to see their stream turning wheels and making huge stones revolve one upon another was indeed a marvellous thing. "What are the revolving stones doing," you can picture them as asking one another as they press forward to see and taste that white powder which Poutrincourt touches and examines. It is

the first flour ground in a power mill in North America and the wheat from which it was made grew on the fields where Fort Ann stands today. The Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth had not thought of leaving England when the mill at the Five Bridges began to grind American wheat. Turn around as you stand on one of the bridges and look upstream. There at a little distance is a grist mill seen through the trees, picturesque and fitting in its setting beside the rushing waters. In all the years since **1606** tradition has it that there has been a grist mill at the Five Bridges.

Another sound! hammers beating on empty vessels. The coopers are making barrels. The millers dipped out from below the dam great quantities of herring and sardines and Poutrincourt decided to cure and preserve them for export to Europe, the first export of an American prepared article to the markets of that continent.

Listen again to the water rushing under the bridges. It gurgles and sings today as it has through the centuries. Hark! what is that digging sound on the right? The pick striking on rock, the ring of the shovel in gravel faintly heard above the sound of the water. Men are digging trenches on the hill above the mill and throwing up the earth in ridges on the side toward the stream. They are directed by D'Aulnay de Charnizay and are constructing a fort for the defence of the mill. A quarter of a century has passed since the mill was erected and the rivalry of white man against white man in America has begun. Climb the little hill on the right and you can follow among the bushes the lines of the trenches, called by the residents now the "Rifle Pits." No trace of Champlain's fort at Granville can now be found, no trace

remains of the defences on St. Croix Island. Even the site of Latour's fort at St. John is a matter of dispute. Charnizay's fort at Port Royal is buried beneath Fort Ann. These half-forgotten trenches among the bushes at the Five Bridges remain as a memorial to Charnizay and are today the oldest earthworks in Acadia, if not in North America.

Return to your seat at the bridges and listen once more to the murmur of the waters as they hurry beneath to the sea. Faintly at first, and then louder, comes the sound of voices chanting sacred words of worship. Perhaps in our minds we can picture a building of logs on the hill near the earthworks and some blackrobed friars marching to vespers with children and youths following, slowly and in order. It is "The Seminary" we see through the ages, the first school of Acadia, established by Charnizay. Perhaps we can visualize also the cleared field about it, the stumps blackened by fire, the oxen, the ancient plough, the boys at work planting, with the black-robed monks directing the unskilled hands of the savage in the arts of the farm and garden. It was a school with a grant on which to teach agriculture, forerunner by more than two centuries of the land grant colleges of America. It taught the art of the plough in Acadia and only by the relics which the plough now turns out from time to time can we determine the site where it stood.

Turn and look to the south and west from the bridges, and there on a part of the site of the Indian village you see an ancient Acadian orchard, the oldest perhaps in Nova Scotia. There is still life in the trees but they are nearing the end of their period and will soon be lost and forgotten. Perhaps they were planted by the

sombre garbed friars of the Seminary in their endeavour to teach the Indian youth of Charnizay's period the fruit culture of Europe.

Listen again to the waters flowing under the bridges. Crash, boom! Is it the stream breaking its icy fetters some March day long ago? No, it is war. The century of bloodshed has begun in Acadia and the ford of the stream where you stand is a strategic point and this the first struggle for the passage, to be repeated again and again until the battles number as many as the bridges. It is cruel war. Frenchman against Frenchman, La-Tour attacking and Charnizay defending the ford and the Indians amazed to see people of one race whom they thought of as brothers fighting against one another.

Peace once more for a time. A new sound is heard in the glen and tiny bits of wood go floating out to sea on the surface of the stream. Logs float to the mill and are sawn into boards and planks by the power of the descending water, again to the amazement of the Indians. From the mill goes forth the first vessel load of lumber to leave Nova Scotia. Soon after, the waters of the stream receive the hulls of the first vessels constructed of mill-sawn lumber.

Listen again to the water flowing under the bridges. What do we hear? Commands, the hurrying of armed men to meet a foe. Twenty ships have entered the basin and a great army is preparing to land. On to oppose the landing! The sound of guns in the distance, the cannon of the ships—they are fighting for the shore! The cannons cease, they have landed! The muskets sound nearer, they are advancing through the woods! Silence for a time and then a burst of musketry just over the little bluff on

the left. The French are defending the brook in the gorge. Commands, the hurrying of men over the ford, the shouts of the enemy advancing. Now the cannon on the mill fort begin and hurl their shot across the stream at the enemy. The plough turns these relics out sometimes and thus reveals the position where March's men advanced. Musketry, the fighting for the ford with its four tiny islets where the five bridges are now — two hundred men against twenty-five hundred. They are over! The stream carries off the blood to the sea and the wounded are soothed by its coolness. The siege of the fort is begun.

Weeks pass; then the retreat of the sullen, defeated army over the ford, the French following and forcing a rearguard action with the English defending the crossing.

Listen again to the waters. There is the sound of pick and of shovel, commands to the oxen. The French are constructing a military road from **the fort** to the mill. There it is on **your right**, next after Champlain's (now lost,) the first road in Acadia. Lovers' Lane it is called today; a

quiet beautiful path where all is peace, the flower-decked Rifle Pits on one side, the old dam on the other and the merry stream losing itself in the sea. Of the lovers who stroll along its grassy way, how many think of the different feet that have travelled that ancient road. Along it hurried the soldier to the defence of the ford, how many times? Along it he retreated with smoking gun before the advance of the enemy. Along it was carried the fresh water for the camps of different besieging forces on the Cape before Port Royal or Fort Ann. March's men, Wainwright's men, Nicholson's men, La Loutre's men, Marin's men, all guarded the ford and road at different times. In those early days it was important to know who moved on the road. At one place a watch post was built to command a view of the way. At that place the road is now lost in a modern street but tradition has it that the sentry's shelter remains in a carefully preserved summer-house in a garden. Today, the road is Lovers' Lane, and, like the five bridges, it seems a place where time is of no account.



A Modest Proposal

It has often been maintained, and with a fair amount of truth, that nothing degrades mankind as much as intellect. Something, it has become increasingly evident in late years, must be done to effectually crush any tendencies towards the appreciation of those intellectual pleasures alleged to be afforded by Beethoven, Shakespeare, Michael-Angelo and others who, as every one in Wall street will admit, sap the immense and indescribable ignorance of the country. The influence of these men, and that of their companions in the fields of science and philosophy must, it is felt, be stopped in the very strong holds of their various faiths, namely in the colleges.

It is therefore with a clear mind and a consciousness of a high ideal, that the writer here contributes a few constructive suggestions. The suggestions given would, he feels, not entail change from present conditions, though the effects would be far reaching. His scheme involves the more thorough development of the state of affairs which is already prevalent in many coeducational institutions.

In short the scheme nearest his heart is one which concerns the legalization and standardization of fussing.

The writer is at present busily engaged in finding out the best methods of attaining efficiency in these fields: his investigations are not yet completed, but he desires to do no more than outline here the organization he foresees.

It is necessary, as all will admit first of all, to have a Dean of fussing and

a strong committee to support him. The writer has in his mind drawn up a short list from the many gentlemen whose long and involved experience has qualified them for the post. An ideal state of things would of course be that the Dean and committee should be guaranteed immune, but this is almost impossible to find. The writer, for example, is the only immune person in Macdonald college and even he is suspected in fussing circles of having been secretly married, and of leading a double life. Since going to press, an application has been received for this post from Mac the Post Grad, but on long and serious considerations the writer and friends moving in authoritative and influential circles have decided that it would be in the best interests of the college to appoint a man who was quite unsusceptible.

Money, of course will be necessary, but the writer has no fears on that account as there is practically certain to be someone in college with a mythical uncle in Australia who has left a gold mine. The money is all right.

The committee's first business would be to map out the course for the B.F. (Bachelor of Fussing.) degree. Thus an ideal course would have a major in advance fussing, a minor in dancing, and options in the mush-room and pictures. Afternoons and evenings would be set aside to practice fussing: the mornings being devoted to lectures in theory—elementary and advanced tactics, Counterpoint and Dietetics. Ten hours a week practical fussing would be necessary. Hours could be marked on the card system—both

fusser and fussee would have cards and each would mark the others.

Facilities would be created for Post Graduate research. The degree D.F. (Doctor of Fussing, not as adverse critics hold-Damn Fool,) would only be awarded after a thesis which was a definite contribution to knowledge. In course of time there would be endowed several Fusserships tenable for intensive research in Europe.

This short outline contains no doubt many errors, but it will serve to bring before the eyes of the critically undeveloped masses, a scheme at once attractive, efficient and easy.

There are many reasons why it should be adopted. In the first place, it has been observed that in institutions where Fussing has only a subordinate place, that young men in their hurry to keep appointments have starved. Now, as Napoleon said, "an army marches on its stomach."

A little definiteness would save these young men. If they knew that without a doubt there would be a class in Practical Fussing after lunch, they would fortify themselves properly for it.

Secondly, as Virgil, or perhaps it was Terence, said. "Tempus fugit." If both fusser and fussee knew that they had to put in a two hour spell, both would be on time, to get it over.

Thirdly, as Propertius, or perhaps it was Erasmus, said. "Pecunia spendit." Facilities for Fussing would of course be provided by the college, the expenses being deducted from the laboratory fee.

Fourthly, there would be some definiteness in the fact that the course lasted three years. After that, a man, proud in the profession of his coveted degree in Fussing, could rest on his laurels in that matter, touch it no more, and begin to work.

IL NE FUSSE JAMAIS



On Being Worth Knowing

M. DUNCAN

The boy who lives in the house next door is very much like other boys except for one thing: he "has a way with him." He neglects his lessons continually, and receives the bare passing-mark that permits him to go from grade to grade.

Yet from his mother who adores him, to the French teacher who is forever scolding him, everybody is his friend. If there is a dog on the horizon, he finds his way to the boy's side. The little buster and rovers gather at his side and lick his hand, as he pats them, thus showing his affection for animals. The truck driver makes room for him in his cart, as he finds him strolling along the road to school, and chats jovially all the way. Tony, the Italian store-keeper, has a wider smile for him and a fuller sack of peanuts, than for any of the others. He is the poorest player on the school team, but not one of his fellow students would ever think of starting to play a game unless he was there on the spot. He seems to be the leading spirit of the school.

"He will never take a first, of course," smiles the schoolmaster, "but he has a candle lighted in his soul that will draw the love of people to him; they will follow him; his light will lead them—he is "worth knowing."

We, however, are bound to stop and think of the long years of effort ahead of the boy and we ask ourselves this question "Will he be able to hold out?" One has so much to endure, fight so hard, hide so much pain and

discouragement, if he is to carry that shining light in his soul. But I know so many people who have kept their candles burning, that I have become reassured that one can easily make oneself "worth knowing."

There is a bookman who has travelled from city to city some thirty years selling books. He, himself, believes the mere selling of books to be his work, but those who buy his books know better. It is not this that makes him a part of our lives: It is the sweet essence of his character. One could not fail to find some outstanding quality in his manner, and it seems to have a burning effect on our lives. We feel at once the influence of his personality and we try our best to become his equal.

There is a little bent old man who flits from office to office with scarred leather bag. He sells rubber stamps. Once the bag was new, the business strong, a family flourished about him, but that was long ago. Death has taken from him his wife—the mother of his children, and now his family has become scattered and he is alone in the world. He is without wealth and without friends. Now, it is known that the thirty cents for the little stamp, and the sixty cents for the larger one will carry him for today, and that tomorrow he will flit to another office, deliver another stamp or two, collect his few pennies which will serve for another day's living.

Still, he is the richest man in town. He owns all of us. For none other are

the smiles so hearty. Toward none other so many welcoming hands extended. Sorrow has grayed his hair, but his unfailing faith in—"God's will be done," still keeps the candle burning, until, to us, he has become "Worth knowing."

And of those we meet, if their's be the gift of that light, then we cannot afford to miss it. Let us look for it first. If it be there shining through the soul of one, greeting us in a smile, the tone of voice, the grasp of the hand, it swings wide the door of our hearts and they enter to stay as long as their candle burns. By its ray of inspiration we hope we too may become—"Worth knowing."

So through life we strive to keep the light in our soul burning brightly, so that it may inspire others, and make people say—"There is a person who is really worth knowing!"

We grow up and decide that, for very good reasons, we must gather and hold fast many things, especially money. We think that it does not take much money to bring happiness and contentment to those we love, and who love us, for after all, the chief aim in life, according to most people, is money.

Life loses its color, and there is no appetite for further adventure except the gain of wealth. We forget that money should not be considered a god, and instead, we keep piling it

up until we have built a barrier between the happy things of life and wealth. A voice whispers in our ears—"Go on." With money comes power, honor and glory, they fill the world. Let the little things go. Take power on to yourself!"

Power becomes ours at last, but with it comes responsibility, cares that drive off sleep and peace and even friends. Weariness, a fretted conscience, and loneliness also help to form our lot, joy seldom reigns on the throne of the mighty.

Some, however turn aside into quiet places when they build cosy homesteads of many windows, whose lights catch the rose and gold of the morning, and the crimson and purple of the sunset, thus sending them across the valleys into a thousand different glories. In the garden about the homestead, the flowers are in bloom, the birds are singing in their seasons and the little children play merrily. All about the home is perfect happiness. They recognize in life something more than mere happiness by wealth.

"Life is but a tale that is told." We, you and I, have much to do with the telling, and much to do toward the ending. We decide whether the ending shall be happy or otherwise. Why not try to make it "Worth knowing?"





BASKETBALL

Our basketball team is to be congratulated for the way in which it has represented the College this year. Judging by the number of victories alone, we have not done well. But a careful analysis of the season's results brings some interesting facts to light. Out of 10 games, we have won only 3. 2 games we lost by 1 point each, and a third by 3 points. We have scored a total of 197 points against the 229 points made by our visitors—a deficiency of only 32 points. But apart from this, the closeness of the scores gives some indication as to the quality of the games. Time and again the team showed us what valuable lessons in speed and combination they had learned from the coaching of Van Wagner of McGill. And more than this, they displayed a sportsmanship and gameness that did credit to the College. The line-up was reduced considerably about the middle of the term, due to injuries and illness. It is to be hoped that the team will obtain a little more support at practices next year from the rank and file. A lack of numbers has often prevented adequate practice this season.

Results:—

Dec. 4th.

Macdonald 13—Quebec Acme 39.

Dec. 11th.

Macdonald 19 — Science VI 20.

Jan. 8th.

Macdonald 27 — Commerce II 36.

Jan. 29th.

Macdonald 33 — Commerce I 17.

Feb. 4th.

Macdonald 14 — Sherbrooke

H.S. 26 Feb. 19th.

Macdonald 27—Science IV 15.

Feb. 26th.

Macdonald 12—First Presbyterian 13.

Mar. 4th.

Macdonald 21—Bishop's University 15.

Mar. 5th.

Macdonald 15—Sherbrooke H.S. 29.

Mar. 11th.

Macdonald 16—Bishop's University 19.

BASEBALL

The Baseball season this year has been an unqualified success.

Macdonald played three games with outside teams, two of which were

won by the green and gold players. On January 15th Macdonald played the McGill Reds in our Gym, losing by a score of 13—9. On March 17th. Macdonald invaded Montreal in search of the interfaculty Baseball championship, and realised their ambition in defeating the Meds by 21—8. An Exhibition game was played on March 19th. resulting in another victory for Mac with a score of 13—5.

Two games were played with the Staff, one on January 24th. and one on March 7th. the former going to Mac and the latter to the Staff.

Much credit is due to Millenchamp whose fine pitching went a long way towards putting the team in its present position.

The interest and enthusiasm shown in practices and in games was very gratifying and made it a difficult job to pick the team.

It is earnestly hoped that Macdonald will hold the inter-faculty championship for many years to come.

Summary of Games:—

January 15.

Macdonald 9. McGill Reds. 13.

January 24.

Macdonald II. Staff. 10.

March 7.

Macdonald 10 Staff. 12.

March 17.

Macdonald 21. Meds. 8.

March 19.

Macdonald 13. Commerce. 5.

INTERCLASS HOCKEY

The interclass hockey was worked out on the elimination basis. The teams reaching the finals this year were the Sophmores and Diploma Course.

The first game of the season was between the Juniors and the Diploma Course. After a closely contested game on a kubbly sheet of ice, the Diploma Course emerged victorious by a score of 3 to 2.

The second game was between the Sophmores and Teachers in which the Sophmores showed their superiority by defeating the Teachers by a score of 5 to 1.

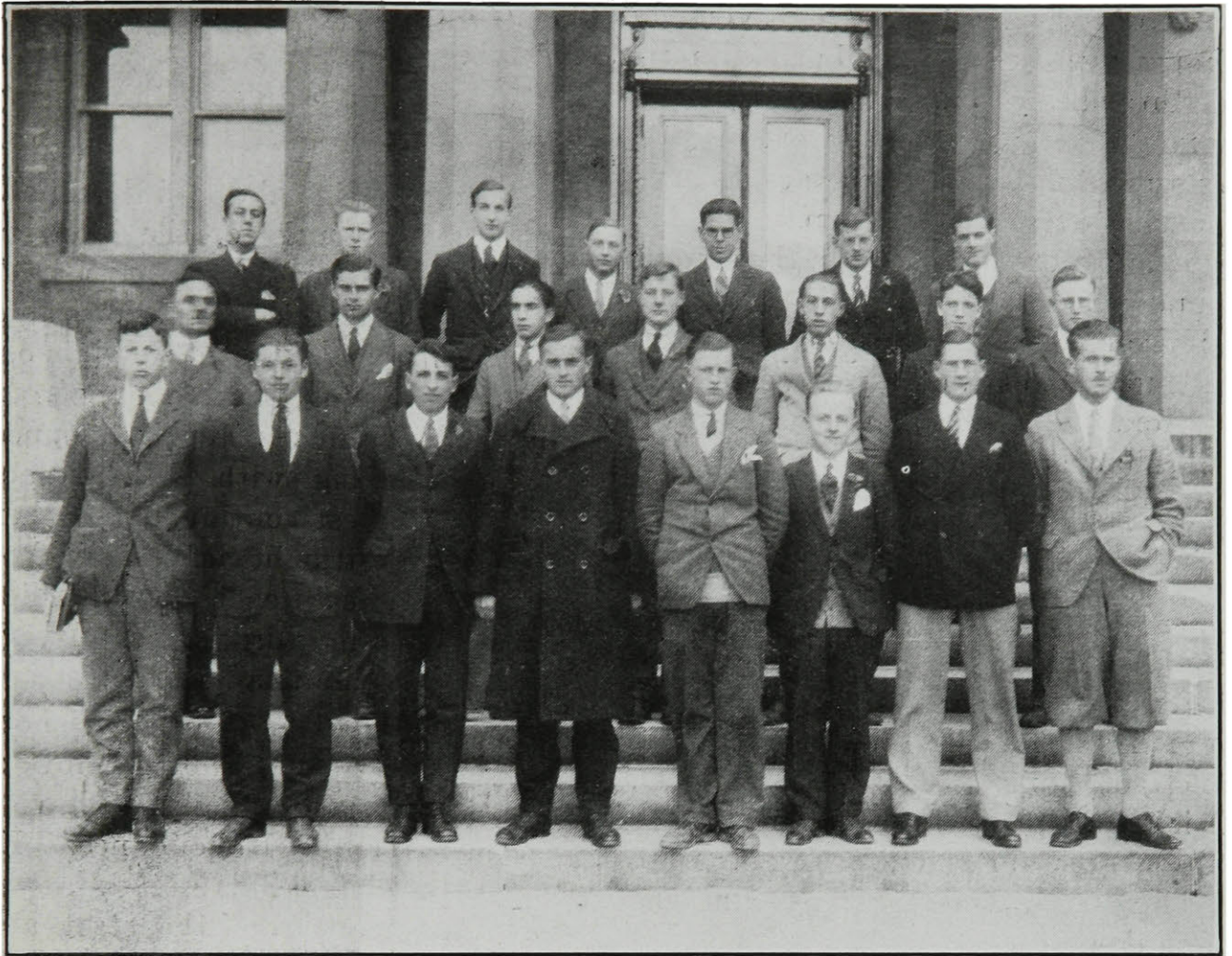
The third game of the season between the Seniors and the Freshmen was fast and furious. In this case youth triumphed over old age, the Freshmen winning by a score of 6 to 3.

The fourth game of the season between the Post Grads and the Sophmores provided many thrills. The tall stalwarts of the P G being very effective in covering a large part of the ice. The Sophmores managed nevertheless to penetrate this impenetrable barrier. The Sophmores securing this game by a score of 5 to 1.

The fifth game of the schedule between the Freshmen and the Diploma Course was played in a blinding snow storm and proved rather ragged. It was with vast relief that the players extricated themselves from the snow drifts when the final whistle blew. The Diploma Course annexed this game by a score of 6 to 1.

The two finalists for the Hockey proved to be the Sophmores and Diploma Course. The game was fast and inclined to be a little rough in spots, but nevertheless proved to be an interesting game. The Sophmores clinched the championship by winning this game by a score of 3 to 1.

The line up for both the winners and runner up were as follows.



DIPLOMA COURSE, '28

Sophmores	Diploma Course
Paige	Simpson
Millinchamp	Nussey
Smith	Cox
Oakley	Stowe
MacCush (Alexander)	Ness
Johnson Tanalac	Waugh
Halcomb	Byers
	Brown, R.M.

BOXING

An informal boxing contest was held on Friday, March 18th., between the Diploma Course and the rest of the College. The result was

a draw, with three bouts to each side. Simpson, Mallowan and Elliot were winners for the Diploma Course, while Ferneau, Millinchamp and Foy carried off their bouts for the Rest. Considering the almost total lack of training of the contestants, the boxing was extraordinarily good, and the men showed great keenness throughout. Judging by the excitement shown by the spectators, the evening was as successful as could be wished.

(Bout I. Cowan) (.v. Foy)

Won by the latter after an extra round. The exchanges were even all the way through. Cowan showed good style, while Foy made great use of his right swing. Cowan was not in good enough condition to last the fight, and lost in consequence.

(Bout II. Simpson) (.v. Sharvelle)

Won by the former, who gave the

smartest display of the evening. Simpson was the lighter, but he jumped through his opponent's guard right from the start, making great use of his short arm blows to the face. Sharv-elle, however, stuck gamely to his man, and wore him down in the second round with a good straight left. But Simpson's lead was too much on the first round, and he won on points.

Bout III. Millichamp v. Dawson

Millinchamp won on a knock-out. Both men were well matched, but the winner made too much use of his right hook. Dawson was good when following up, but was worn down by blows to the jaw and head. He made a great rally in the second round, when he closed with his man and got home with short-arm jolts. Millinchamp appeared fresh in the third round and fought his man to a stand-still, before giving him the *coup-de-grace*.

Bout IV. Fernau .v. Blew

Both men started off with quick exchanges, and the fight promised to be very even. Blew however received a blow on the nose which broke a blood vessel. He showed great gameness in spite of his handicap, but was out-classed by his cleverer opponent.

Bout V. McMaster v. Mallowan

Was only won by the latter after two extra rounds. McMaster ducked effectively to avoid Mallowan's left, and had the better of the in-fighting. Mallowan made use of his right through a left feint. In the fifth round

he did most of the attacking and so won the fight.

Bout VI. West 146 v. Elliot 153

Won by the latter, West fouling his opponent in the third round. This was hard luck for the loser, as it was purely accidental; and both men were giving an excellent and even exhibition. Elliott did most of the attacking with a dangerous right, while West continually stopped him with a straight left. The pace seemed to increase each round. When cornered in the third, West ducked and hit low while unable to see. Elliot was given the decision after a very popular and clean exhibition.

The evening closed with a friendly bout between Mitchell and Mallowan. Mitchell expressed a desire to have a black eye for the Hobo dance. He seemed to change his mind, as he rushed his man from the start and drove him to the ropes. Toward the end, Mallowan closed and free exchanges were given on both sides. Mitchell received his black eye, while his opponent bled profusely from the nose.

The organizers wish to thank all those who officiated at the ring side for their kindness and efficiency. They were also pleased to see so many of the Faculty in the audience. It is to be hoped that the Ancient Sport will not be discontinued in the future. There are things more impossible than a Macdonald man winning his weight at McGill.



Diploma Course

The "Winter Course" arrived in good spirits on November 1st. The first day was spent in seeing the sights of Mac, and being introduced to the various departments. In a very few days we had quite shaken down into our grooves, and after two weeks experimentation had decided whether we should be animals or plants.

It was not long before we were well represented in most walks of college life. Games' captains were elected, and we soon had baseball and basketball teams hard at work training for the coming struggle with the "Four Years in Agr."

The tank we soon decided was a boon and a blessing. One could always be sure of finding there a goodly (godly?) body of our numbers taking their daily plunge. The "Lit" and the "Philharmonic" also claimed their victims.

Skating, a new and fearsome venture to some of us, was freely indulged in, weather and snow permitting. Our hockey team became a quite a power to be reckoned with.

At Xmas we were most unfortunate in losing "Bill" Moppitt. However, our loss is Guelph's gain. We hear that our old friend is "going great guns."

The New Year brought with it the exams and the new term. This time we were not allowed any breathing space, as our noses were firmly clamped down to the grind-stone at once.

In March we issued a challenge to the "Rest" in a boxing tourney, and managed to obtain a draw of three

bouts all. We also hope to do well in the Swimming Meet which takes place on March 28th.

In closing we wish to thank all those of the course who, in their various ways, have represented their fellows both in games, work and social functions—especially the latter! We wish every class-mate the best of luck, and hope to see them back next term in the second year. We shall do even better then!

Remember the words:—"Possunt quia posse videntur."

Officers: President, J. G. Evans.

Vice R. H. Dawson.

Sec. Tres. P. M. Elliot.

Games Capt. C.F. Mallowan.

Ed. Note. By the time this issue appears in print, the Winter Course will be leaving us. The above history of their stay at Mac is totally insufficient. It states the bald facts, it misses the lights and shades which only can describe such an individual class. Like the "Sick man of Europe," they have been blamed with much disturbance. Everything, from mere noise to assault and battery, has been laid at their door—even the Chinese Question! But unlike the "Sick man of Europe," they have proved themselves to be true sportsmen. They have been the scapegoat of the college—thus saving the dignity of the Four Years. And they have afforded us much sport in every walk of college life. Perhaps they have added a little too much leaven to the dough that is Macdonald. Be this as it may, we wish them the best of luck, and hope to see them here next term.

Old Dover

N. B. McM.

*Oh for a sight of those cliffs gain
With the cattle perched on their crest:
And the Channel wind and the driving rain,
And the waters never at rest!
The harbour lies—I can see it still—
... A mile by a mile foursquare
Of quiet water beneath the hill,
Where the lighthouse lanterns glare.
And the bugles call on the still night breeze
Over the wharves to the town,
And the echoing answer fades through the trees
As the barrack lights die down.
How I long to climb these hills once more,
With their short cropt down-land grass!
To gaze below on the pebbly shore
And beyond to the ships that pass.
While the gulls sweep by in their graceful flight
Alone in the empty sky,
'Ere they dart below to the wavelets bright,
Or circle away on high.
To stand at night on the pier alone
With the salty wind in my face,
That buffets in with a ghostly moan
To the salt-rimed landing place.
The mist comes in with the falling night
Over the tumbling sea.
And shrouds the land with its blanket white
Leaving the waves—and me!*



THE STOCK-JUDGING TEAM
Deakin Bennet Drummond

McDougall

Brady

The Royal Fair and Us

Mac. An. Husd. Option.

It was **the** day of the third time of that memorable inoculation, when the Macdonald stock Judging Team nearly caused the Doctor to resign by impertinently asking him to reduce each "shot" of vaccine bacillus by one million. We were going away that night to attend the Royal Fair at Toronto, and we had enough baggage. All our pleadings would not cause the inexorable Medical Profession to stoop for us to conquer, until we suddenly remembered that the former two inoculations had nearly killed us, besides putting us to bed for about a week.

With Professors Ness and Crampton as escort, we all boarded the **10.30** Limited for Toronto. With a view to economy, we only rented three berths for the five of us. I wonder if you can guess from the above picture who slept alone? Being unable to resist the beckonings of the Goddess of Sleep, we doubled up in our berths with our left arms reposing on the quilts like "Still Life," as "white as snow and smooth as monumental alabaster", and yet scarred. In the comforting arms of Morpheus. Boy! how we slept—until the train stopped, or rather halted, at the next station.

Somebody muttered: "I wish I could meet that engineer (then remembering his left arm) and teach him King Henry IV's speech containing "Sleep, sleep, oh! gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse," etc..

Only sleeping in between stations made Toronto much farther away. However, the first streaks of dawn found us struggling with our clothes. Putting on a pair of pants with one arm out of action, and a single berth used as a double one isn't like falling off a log. However, with a catlick, hot-dog and change of trains we were soon stepping into the King Edward Hotel, Guelph, which was like stepping into the Men's Residence. Why? Because the Australian National Band had rented the other half of the Hotel. We did not need a Prime Minister from the Antipodes to tell us they also had agricultural colleges, that guy with a cornet, practising as he did, and at such an hour, must have been a Bachelor, S. A.

It was the kind invitation of Prof. Wade Toole, Head of the Animal Husbandry Department at the Guelph College, which was the cause of our going there. Arriving at 9 a.m. Monday, we proceeded up to the College, where the choice of the College stock was placed at our disposal for practice in judging, as a preliminary to the Royal Fair competition, which was to be held the following Thursday. Putting in a valuable morning and afternoon mostly on beef cattle, of which there was a very good selection, we then took a stroll around the College grounds.

We did not think the College had the charm of Macdonald. The different departments have a separate building and, although there is a system of arrangement, the slight crowding gives a street effect. A loadstone, however,

was provided by Macdonald Hall, a domicile of mystery, distinctly feminine with its Elizabethan architectural frills, and its sister, Macdonald Institute, modeled after the Parthenon, massive and solid, standing out on the horizon proclaiming the dignity of cookery and laundry.

Tuesday morning found us visiting the herd of Mr. Meyers, Guelph, and we got some good ideas of what a Shorthorn should look like. Tuesday afternoon we returned to Toronto. By some mishap, the letter we wrote to the Y.M.C.A. engaging rooms miscarried, so they informed us over the 'phone, and that they had only an overflow room left, which we could have cheap. Curious to know why this overflow room never overflowed, we soon found that it towered so high above Lake Ontario as to be safe from any deluge. So in this erie, far from the maddening crowd, with a beautiful panorama of church spires, the peeling of the bells from which crept through the tightly shuttered windows, we were alone together.

Wednesday had been set aside to visit some horse stables of Transport companies, but that happened to be a pretty busy day for the horses, and so, as the morrow was the day of the competition, we took a welcome rest.

At five o'clock, Thursday morning we stirred, so did the dust. Within a stone's throw of our room was a Chink's restaurant, where one could obtain "Repas à toutes heures." Here we congregated and got a twenty-five cent repast that lasted us all day.

A taxi soon conveyed us to the Exhibition Grounds, to which the dim light of a winter's morning gave quite a different aspect, than when under the glamour of National Exhibition time. Arriving a little early

we enjoyably whiled away the time by watching a section of cavalry in the arena doing the quadrilles to a one piece orchestra—a bugler. However, the excitement began when all the competitors were assembled to be given instructions.

Three colleges were represented with five students each, and the important Ontario counties with three men each, amounting to about seventy competitors in all. We were arranged alphabetically, the colleges coming first, namely Macdonald, Manitoba and Guelph. Each competitor was given a number, No. one going to a Macdonald student, No. two to a Manitoba, No. three to Guelph, No. four to a Macdonald student again, and so on. Ten cards each were issued for marking the placings of the animals, your own number replacing your name on this card. We were divided into five groups, about seventeen in a group, and then the animals were brought into the arena. Everybody concentrated their gaze upon the cows, subjecting them to a query expression. However, when five classes of stock had been brought in, namely, Holsteins, Beef Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Horses, each group of competitors went to one of the groups of stock.

We went to the sheep first, four little market sheep and seventeen of us to judge them. A book could be written on the expressions on the faces of those little sheep. We were allowed twenty minutes, then, handing in the cards with your placings, moved on the next, and so on until all the classes had been judged. These were then taken out and five more classes brought in, differing in age or breed. When these were judged it was dinner-time.

Taking a report, we all recongregated in the arena, where we had to

deliver ten consecutive two-minute speeches, the fruits of our morning's work. Ten judges arranged themselves just out of earshot of one another. No. one competitor stepped up and gave his two minute reasons on why he placed the horses the way he did, then moved on and did likewise to the Holstein judge No. two followed him, and so on in an endless stream until seventy had had their turn. When you got through convincing the judges that yours was the only possible way the animals could be placed, your breath wouldn't melt a snowflake. It was quite a relief when this ordeal was over, to have the satisfaction of looking back and seeing the others suffer.

With the competition over, our time was free, so we spent the daytime watching the judging of cows and at night we judged calves.

But our society was destined to split. It is a well-known fact that there is always one among a crowd, however small, that strays; our gang proved no exception. One of our number knew some women and, to mix metaphors, he wanted to tar us with the same brush and decoy us into that nest of queen bees. They had a sense of humour, those girls, and understood fellows too. Why? Because when our shyness spoke for us and declined the invitation, they asked him if we would like to see their pictures.

We had, however, one good treat left for us in Toronto, for which we whetted our appetites by saving our pockets—that was a banquet given to all the judging competitors by the T. Eaton Company. We had the additional privilege of being conducted through their establishment. Then came the feed, delicious soup, choice viands, croquettes, vegetables,

entrées, pie à la mode, coffee, speeches, music, prizes and then conducted by 'bus to reserved seats in the arena. Rousing cheers went up for the T Eaton Company, and everybody thought they would always know where to buy their necessities of life in the future.

On Sunday morning, we boarded the train for Ste. Anne, and we were a little shocked to find the College the same after being away a week.

All the best things come last; the student in writing home puts the best and most important item in

the postscript, namely, money; the maid turns to the end of the novel to assure herself they "live happily ever after"; and to man and maid the desert course comes last, and so we leave until last the important factor that Professors Ness and Crampton played both in our trip and previous training. The patience that they, and Mr. Hamilton, showed, and the encouragement given in the short time available for our previous training, while we only succeeded in tying for second place, will ever be remembered by Mac. An. Husb. Option '27 and '28.



Topics of the Day

Caustic, Corrective, Contemplative, and Current Comment.

The Macdonald College Little Live Stock Show deserves a shower of compliments for its extremely economical choice of prizes. Fortunately for the peace of mind of the future wives of the prize-winners, most girls nowadays wear their hair bobbed.

May we suggest to the athletic teams of Macdonald College that next Fall, when entertaining visiting teams, the offer of the use of a dressing room at half time is considered to be a courtesy beside which the offer of a seat on a muddy field pales into insignificance.

Must authority be paraded at all times in order that it should be understood to rest with the showman? We would welcome information on any regulation that forbids students the use of the rear seats in the assembly hall at organ recitals, addresses etc.

Without distributing any bouquets, we compliment many of the members of the Degree Course for so nobly and sternly resisting the temptations which beset the Diploma Course on a certain night in town. (We sincerely trust this two sided compliment will not result in the resignation of the Degree Course.)

Evidently the ability to act one's age is not an essential factor in securing a degree from some agricultural colleges, if we may be allowed to form an opinion from the amusements of some of our post-grads.

We observed, with regret, that personalities which crept into the informal debate were allowed to pass unchallenged by the chairman. We shall really have to write a book on etiquette.

We have met with a problem that defies all our efforts to find a solution. Why should it be necessary not only to lock the communicating door between the ironing room and the bathroom, but also to invert the lock plate so that the door cannot be opened by disinterested individuals fired with the desire to be of real service to the community? We have tried every avenue to find some logical reason for this practice, so far without avail. It surely cannot be that there is some illogical reason for keeping a door from being used for the purpose for which it was built?

This space is dedicated to a caustic comment censored by the Board of Editors for fear of international complications.

We have lost our faith in human nature. We have in our midst some person who values his immortal soul at the price of two-thirds of a tube of Pepsodent toothpaste, roughly thirty cents. Apparently our insurance policy protected us from the loss of our toothbrush, though why the little matter of the toothbrush having been used should stay the hand of such a person as the collector passes our comprehension.

"If we may be allowed to misquote "Old Bill's" famous saying.

"Plums! Prunes! When the 'ell is it going to be fruit?"

Following the style of a recent notice on the Bulletin Board, M.R. we earnestly advise lovers of literature to read Vlasco Ibanez' great novel "The Four Cowpunchers". Milton also is well worth reading.

We find much to mourn in the distinctly unpatriotic and unsportsmanlike conduct of some of the MacDonald College students on the occasion of the final basketball game between the parent institution and Bishops College. Nothing is more

detestable than the failure to appreciate good play on the part of an opponent, but at the same time we were considerably surprised to observe that some "Mac" people were barracking against their own team. We are glad to hear that the "patriots" were dealt with by their associates.

We deem it advisable to maintain a discreet silence on the methods in use of insuring thorough ventilation of the superheated gymnasium on Saturday evenings.

Today's enlightened rift.

"You can always tell a Hornets' nest by the buzz it makes when a paragraph is pointed at it."

We Wonder What Would Happen If:-

Art Hicks forgot to wait in the "FOYER."

Ron Stuckey stopped his condescension.

Em Paige got a hair cut.

Freddie Olmsted danced with another girl at the Saturday night hops.

John West's red and black scarf wore out.

Bobby Holcomb started fussing.

Everybody approved of the magazine.

The Post Grade ever grew up.

Phil Fernau lost his school-girl complexion.

Ed. Lindsay's sixty-five golf sweaters were stolen.

Paige Rowell shaved during the week.

Dave Walker forgot to blush.

Nadir finished his meals comfortably.

Vic Dawson didn't think he could play the Sax.

The Homemakers

Mental Detours

IDA M. STEVENSON

There is a part of our body that moves faster than the swiftest lightning; that covers more ground in a minute than could the fastest railway train in an hour; that is turned hither and thither by the merest suggestion; that is an absolute essential to every individual, but something that is entirely incomprehensible as far as its functions are concerned.

"What is this mysterious element?" you ask. "Is this a riddle, a *Catch* question, with which you are trying to test our vigilance?"

No, gentle reader, this mysterious "something" is the human mind.

Have you ever stopped to consider this mind of ours? True, the average person of to-day finds little time to sit down and spend very long with his thoughts; nevertheless, it is a most interesting way to pass a spare half hour. We may be thinking of our work for the morrow, or we may simply happen to glance at an object that recalls a whole host of memories, but soon we find our thoughts wandering, until finally we are reviewing some experience, and taking a new delight in it, and we awake with a start, wondering what has recalled that to our mind at such a time. Then it is exceedingly interesting to retrace our thoughts until we again arrive at our starting place.

For instance, it is about half past seven one winter evening. I am ready to go out but it is too early and I have half an hour to spare. I sit down on the chesterfield in the living room. A fire is crackling in the grate, and as I gaze into the dancing flames—now red, then yellow, with sometimes a

tinge of blue—I become pensive. The house is quite, save for the ticking of the clock. I am the sole occupant, and outside, the white snow may be seen glistening in the moonlight.

My mind goes back a year to the time when several of us joined the multitude in their celebration of the "Fête de nuit." The mountain presented a busy scene. There were ski-ers, tobogganists, snowshoers, and spectators. Firecrackers of every description were let off, but the part I remember best was the huge bonfire. There were rows upon rows of barrels, which, when lighted, gave a dazzling illumination. The heat was tremendous, and the snow around the bonfire was soon melted.

The mere suggestion of the barrels, however, sends my thoughts in another direction. Kipling's immortal lines—

"Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the
fire."

flash through my mind. During the celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, bonfires were kindled on all the hills round about. These bonfires were kindled with tar barrels. I can see these fires on the various hills, and can hear the "tumult and the shouting" which characterized the celebration. But in due time the fires die out and smouldering ashes lie in their stead.

"Smouldering"—the very word recalls another picture to my mind. I think of smouldering ruins—what "smouldering ruins?" Not long ago I read Lord Lytton's noted story, "The Last Days of Pompeii." The

detailed description of the destruction of that city has made an everlasting impression on my mind. I find myself visualizing once again the downpour of ashes, of molten lava, the violent earthquakes, the houses bursting into flames only to be encased in a coating of melted rock. I can hear the shouts of anguish, the terrified cries of little children, the hurry and scurry of all the living things in the city. Alas, all is in vain. Sooner or later all are entrapped by these terrific forces and the city lies there silent—a city of the dead.

The silence of the city is intensified by the profound silence round about me. Even the fire has ceased to crackle, but lies there smouldering. I become almost melancholy, and to save myself from utter despair I rise and look out of the window. The houses across the street give forth a cheerful light. From one of these homesteads comes a sound of music, and immediately my spirits ascend. Someone is playing a merry tune, and from the very notes I can imagine a group of fairies dancing about in the moonlight of a midsummer evening. How happy these fairies seem to be. I at once resolve to forget my despondency and my thoughts immediately wander to a happier scene.

The scene is that of a regatta which took place on a Saturday in August. It was a bright, sunny afternoon, but a very strong wind was blowing, and it was rather difficult to prevent our canoes from tipping. There were nine or ten paddling events, and the others took the form of swimming, gig races, and tilting contests. There

were boats of all sizes and descriptions anchored near the club house, all of which were decorated with various flags and colours. The small flotilla presented a lively scene and the cheering of the spectators tended to heighten the enthusiasm. The events were keenly contested, but those who took part thought more of the sport itself than of the glory of winning the race. This predominating spirit was particularly noticeable.

After having taken a new delight in these pleasures, I find myself looking forward with great eagerness to next summer when I hope to revisit this summer abode where Beauty and Pleasure walk hand in hand.

My meditations, however, are interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell and I rise to answer it. I realize with some degree of sorrow that I must leave the "blissfull solitude" to join the merry throng.

And now we realize to a somewhat fuller extent what a complex machine the mind is. In the course of the half-hour I reviewed pleasures and tragedies, witnessed and unwitnessed to me, actions of the past and expectations of the future, and through all these phases my mind travelled involuntarily. Our mind is like a stream which has its rise at the cradle and its end at the grave. The stream is very narrow at first; it grows wider as the mind develops. This mental stream is irresistible.

No power outside of us can stop it. We cannot stop it ourselves. When we try to stop thinking, the stream but changes its direction and flows on.



Maple Syrup

HAMILTON MARSHALL, Agr. 28

In springtime, outdoor work begins, on many farms, with the manufacture of maple syrup. This industry is confined to the North American Continent, and particularly to Eastern Canada. Although Macdonald College is situated in the heart of the sugar maple country, the various courses make no mention of this lucrative aspect of farm life. A few facts regarding the history and process of sugaring may, therefore, be of interest to those who are strangers to this section.

Sugar making from the maple is of very ancient origin. The earliest explorers of this country found the Indians making sugar from the sap of the maple trees, and in some sections, especially along the St. Lawrence River, producing it in quantity for trade. The crude methods of the Indians were soon improved upon by the white settlers, but beyond the tapping and boiling, the general process is the same as it was then.

For many years, especially among the early settlers of New France, maple sugar was the sugar used. Some makers attempted to secure an article equal to the imported sugar cane of

the West Indies, with varying degrees of success. A few refineries for producing white sugar were operated with maple sugar as their raw supply. The iron kettle, birch bark tank, wooden spouts, and old way of tapping yielded a dark, ill-tasting product; but with care and changes in methods and apparatus, the products improved.

For perhaps a century the white man followed very closely the primitive methods of the Indian, save in the substitution of iron or copper kettles for vessels of bark or clay. In the early days, before the timber acquired much value, the axe was used for tapping the trees; the sap was caught in wooden troughs and conveyed on the shoulders with a sap yoke to a central point for boiling. No sugar bush was fully equipped without snowshoes, which were frequently necessary in gathering the sap. The boiling was done in iron kettles suspended from a pole in the open woods in a sheltered location, with no protection from dirt or the weather.

All maples have sweet sap, but from only a few species have syrup

and sugar been produced in paying quantities. The sugar maple (*Acer saccharum*) and the black maple (*Acer saccharum nigrum*) are practically the only trees used for this purpose. Also the making of maple syrup on a commercial scale is confined to a small part of the territory in which the sugar maple is found, because the gradual spring of the North is necessary for a profitable sap flow.

In the Eastern Townships of Quebec the average sugar bush contains from 5 to 100 tapped trees per acre. The ideal grove would perhaps contain a somewhat larger number.

The production of sap for sugar making depends on a large leaf area. From this it follows that the number of trees per acre must be consistent with the greatest crown development of each tree in the grove. A maple tree, which is a forest species, growing under this condition will produce a good length of trunk. This is necessary for a productive yield, because the elaborated sugar is stored in the trunk of the tree for use during the next season. The typical tree for sugar making has an ample root system to furnish an abundant supply of crude sap; a broad spreading top with a big leaf surface to elaborate the sap, and a big, long body in which the sap may be stored.

Old groves, that have been worked for generations, are likely to contain a number of trees which have ceased to yield good flows. Unless some attention has been paid to replacing these, the sugar bush is losing ground, more especially if the land be in sod and is grazed by stock. To renovate such a grove, all stock must be kept out. This will allow the young seedlings to come up. In a few years the strongest of the saplings will

assert themselves, and these should be encouraged by lopping off the tops of the weaker ones. When the preserved saplings have reached a height of 9 or 10 feet, cattle may be let in to overcome the younger brush which, if left, would soon make it difficult to collect the sap.

Unfortunately the stripping of even our rocky lands of their trees has gone on to an unprofitable degree. A maple tree which will cut two cords of wood is worth on the stump for that purpose about eight or ten dollars. The annual interest on this sum is from twenty-five to thirty-five cents. The tree, if left to grow will yield an average of three pounds of sugar worth anywhere from twenty to twenty-five cents per pound, according to the skill of the maker. To clear off the maple timber from stony land unsuitable for farming purposes, is like killing the goose that lays the golden egg. It might be interesting to add here that an average amount of sap taken from a maple during the running season is about 10 gallons. And to make 1 gallon of syrup thirty-five to forty gallons of sap are required.

The proper time to tap varies from year to year, and with different latitudes. In Canada it seldom commences before March, and it is not often delayed beyond the first of April. It should be done during the warm sunny days and frosty nights of early spring.

As a general rule, a tree is tapped at one point, but it is not uncommon for a large tree to carry two vessels or even three.

The bit recommended is usually a three eighths inch. Sap is forced out by internal pressure, and a very small opening will relieve that pressure, causing the sap to flow as rapidly as

from a large hole. If the tree is tapped again on the opposite side, the pressure in another area is relieved and more sap is secured — but not twice as much. Another tapping will give still more sap in the aggregate, and so on in a decreasing ratio.

The type of sap pail generally used is a good quality tin bucket of the two gallon size. The modern syrup maker boils his sap in Evaporators. It is a long stride from the iron kettle used in sugar making by our forefathers, to the evaporator which is necessary for the making of a high priced product today. Most settlers had kettles for the making of potash, which in many districts, was the only crop for which money could be exchanged. These large iron basin-like vessels served for many years to boil down the sap; and because only dark and strong flavoured goods could be made in these, it has taken a long time for the public to recognize the superiority of the modern evaporator.

The modern evaporator is designed for rapid evaporation and economy of fuel. There are several makes in use but all are similar in principle. They consist of a heavily tinned pan set on an arch, which usually has a regular stove front with large doors for firing. The pans have corrugated bottoms and are partitioned off to give a zig-zag course to the sap. It is important that it be set quite level so as to maintain a uniform depth to the sap. Most of the evaporators are equipped with a float feed, which allows the fresh sap to flow in as rapidly as the water evaporates. The sap enters at one corner, usually at the back, and by a zig-zag course flows from 80 to 100 feet before reaching the outlet at the other end. The

sap thickens as it flows, and has to remain in the last compartment only a brief time before it reaches the consistency of syrup. From here it is drawn off at frequent intervals, and canned or bottled.

The nature of maple sap is such that in boiling, there is a natural cleansing of the product. A coagulation of albuminous matter first occurs and this rises as a scum, bringing with it all other solid matter. As all sugar makers are aware, it is highly important that this scum be removed.

After boiling has proceeded for a time, depositing of mineral matter variously known as sugar sand, silica, malate of lime and nitre commences. This comes about by a concentration of the mineral salts to a point when they can no longer be held in solution. By the time the syrup has reached the right consistency, much of this mineral product has become a sediment, which can be taken out by straining the hot syrup through felt or flannel.

The saccharometer or hydrometer is used for testing the density of the syrup. The boiling syrup is poured into a vessel two inches in diameter and nine inches deep and the hydrometer placed therein. When the syrup is of standard weight, the instrument will read **31 to 32** degrees.

The most recent figures regarding the annual production of maple sugar were **9,385,415** pounds with a value of **\$1,907,599**; and of maple syrup **1,970,696** gallons with a value of **\$4,083,542**. The total value of syrup sugar was thus **\$5,991,141**.

With all the advances that have taken place in manipulation, sugar making has not lost its romantic side. "Sugaring off" at the sugar camps in the woods is still looked forward

to by old and young. The tramp to the woods on a spring day, the aroma of the escaping steam, the eating with chip-like scoops of the hot syrup just on the verge of solidifying into sugar, or the eating of the "wax" that has been allowed to harden on the clean snow, all serve to

inspire the reminescent story-teller, and to awaken the amorous instincts of the budding youths. Some call it SpringFever. Such was the sugaring of decades ago, and such it is where sugar bushes are operated to-day.

THE END



Westward Ho !

G. P. H.

Of the number of "Old Country" fellows who have come to "Mac." within the last two years none have written of their experiences coming across. These may not interest you very much but I will endeavour to give you a description of my departure, voyage and arrival.

It was at the end of March, 1925 that I received a letter from the C.P.R. at Glasgow, Scotland which ran as follows.

"I am advised by my Montreal office that Prepaid certificate covering your transportation to Canada has been issued.

It is requested that you leave by the "Metagama" April 10, and if you will please fill in and return the enclosed Declaration form I shall be glad to send you tickets."

After reading the letter my heart seemed to stop, a lump came in my throat, and then I rushed into the next room to show it to the rest of the family. The passage had been arranged by my uncle who knew I wanted to come to Canada to take up farming.

Well, I had a general rush to get everything ready as I had only 14 days to do it in. However the eventful day came, but instead of the family seeing me off, I had to bid them farewell the morning before I left, as they were going to the Highlands for Spring holiday. One of my sisters stayed to see me off at the station, while my brother came with me to the boat.

Before leaving the station at Edinburgh I was carried shoulder-high to the train by about forty school-mates and friends.

When the train left they gave three cheers and then I was left to talk things over with my brother. I had travelled to Glasgow many times, so after a while I huddled myself up in a corner of the compartment and fell asleep.

At Glasgow I changed trains for Greenock and fifteen minutes after sighting the great shipping yards of the Clyde the train arrived at Greenock. After a few whys and wherefores with the officials, I walked on Board the tender, and ten minutes later waved goodbye to my brother.

"The "Mont Royal" which was sailing in place of the "Metagama" was lying out in the middle of the Clyde silhouetted against a gray evening sky. When I reached the "Mont-royal" and was standing half lost on deck, a steward came up and asked me for the number of my cabin. I was travelling cabin-class so therefore expected to have a fine airy cabin. However when I entered it I was thoroughly disappointed. There was no port-hole. Two bunks stood one on top of the other, and there was just enough space at the side to move. The cabin stood next to a main passage and the heat from it was stifling. I think it was due to this that I was so sick for the rest of the voyage. I turned on the fan and breathed what air there was, then dressed for dinner. This was my first and last meal in the dining room for eight days.

The next morning I was up early and on deck before any of the other passengers were in sight. I had not

slept well on account of a home sickness which had crept over me, and also with thinking of my new adventure. No sooner had I set foot on deck and seen the sea than I raced for the side of the boat. Last night's good dinner was wasted!

The next eight days were sheer agony. The steward brought me my meals regularly and I ate them heartily, but could not keep them down. I was so restless with a fever which had come over me that I changed from one bunk to the other several times, a day.

The steward came in on the ninth day and said; "Cheer up, old chap, the first seven years are the worst. It's fine and calm today so you had better have another go on deck." To the amazement of five English fellows I turned up that morning for breakfast. They had seen me on the first night when I was at dinner so therefore they "chaffed" me about my disappearance. Having introduced ourselves we went on deck for a game of coits and shuffle board. After dinner that evening we adjourned to the lounge and enjoyed a concert given by some of the passengers and officers on board. When the concert was over, the orchestra gathered up their instruments and music and went to another part of the deck where we had a dance. The sea was so calm that the dancing was a real enjoyment.

The next morning, on going on deck, to my great joy I sighted land. Such a relief after what seemed an endless voyage although it only lasted ten days. I did much the same as the day before by attending the farewell concert in the evening. A farewell dance closed the day.

I woke the next morning to the sound of voices which seemed to be

giving orders. The throb of engines was no longer to be heard as on previous mornings. I jumped out of my bunk, knowing the boat had arrived at St. John. I dressed hurriedly and ran on deck to find things in a general rush. On looking to the shore I thought to myself, "So this is St. John and what it looked like after nature's mantle of snow had been removed." A bleak, desolate and ungodly looking place with nothing but wooden houses all over. They were scattered over the hill overlooking St. John,—like nothing I had ever seen before. A second time I was disappointed with my journey. However there were two things which pleased me afterwards. One was the train, the other the train journey.

There was a little excitement awaiting me when I left the steamer but I did not know of it at the time I returned to my cabin to get ready for breakfast. I had not seen the cabin steward for two days, but he came for my baggage after I reached my cabin. I gave him a handsome tip for having looked after me so well. He looked at me as much as to say "And they say the Scotch are "mingy" with their money." Perhaps it was with my being Scotch that I thought that two was a good tip, and therefore only surmised the look in his face.

However I finally got off the boat and once more found my feet on "Terra Firma." I made my way to the baggage department, but after looking about in the required stand I found that a kit bag of mine was missing. I was sent over to look for it in a big pile of unlabelled baggage. Circling round the pile, I came across it without any labels on and the leather case containing my name and

destination had been torn off I went back to the rest of my baggage to get it checked by the customs. I felt very glad at having found the kit bag so easily. That having been done I went through the necessary whys and wherefores, once more finally arrived in the waiting room.

We were then summoned to the train and for the first time I beheld a real Canadian train. I quite admired it, thinking at the same time of the trains I had seen in the movies. The long compartment carriages were such a change to the "scooty" little carriages of the Scotch trains. This train was so long that I did not wonder at there being two big engines to pull it. It was easily seen, on looking at the engines, that they were built for long distance hauling.

The train left at eleven a.m. and I said goodbye to dreary St. John. However, the scenery became more beautiful as the train pressed inland. Sometimes we would go by a single track cutting through miles and miles of bush. Other times passing over deep gorges at a giddy height, where a river rushed to the sea in its full force. Then the train would come to a lake and hug its shores for many a mile. The first lake we came to tricked me into thinking it was the sea, because I had not seen one so big before.

The five English fellows and myself were all together enjoying some music on a gramophone, at the same time having a general sing-song. We called the dark-skinned porter and order-

ed some soft drinks but he said we couldn't have any. We were passing through the state of Maine, so that was the reason we couldn't have any. As a matter of fact we couldn't get them till late that night.

We all got off the train at the next station to stretch our weary limbs. The platform was well occupied with "shemales" who evidently made it a habit of coming to see the passengers. However, I was not struck with any of them because they looked a queer bunch—all dressed in knickers and sweaters. After ten minutes of delightful fresh air and sunshine, "All aboard" was shouted, so into the train we barged.

I settled in my bunk (which was a lower one) that night and soon fell asleep. I woke up in the morning with a start to find the train motionless. Outside I could hear feet on cement, rushing back and forth, so I pulled up the blind and beheld Windsor Street Station for the first time. I was just about to pull the blind down when I noticed my sister and uncle walking along the platform. I knocked on the window and attracted their attention, but they just shouted in the window; "Get up, you lazy bones." I was up like a flash, dressed hurriedly, made my farewells to the sleepy passengers, and jumped off the train.

My uncle had the car outside so we soon drove to the destination which was to be my home while I was in Canada.



Stanley

STEVE WALFORD, Ag. '26.

"Yep, me'n another fella waz forty-five days in the coop in Phillie last summer, and in that hot spell, too."

"What for"? I asked, scarcely looking up from the roost I was scraping, for fear I might break up his confidential mood.

"Nuthin." he replied, adding emphasis to his assertion with a heavy dig at a stubborn piece of mud on the floor of the colony house. "Me'n this other feller wuz headin' for C'alifornia in that old Ford of mine I sold last month for twenty-five dollars. Had the back seat stripped off, and the front one hinged so's we could sleep in it. Pretty nice rig, alright, and we wuz runnin' great until the cops got us in Phillie."

"And what was their big idea"? I asked, as a leader.

"Oh, them cops in Phillie is the—est bunch in the hull country"; and he warmed to the subject—"They gotta each pinch one fella a day. Come about four o'clock, or near the end of their beat and they ain't got nobody, they pinch fur nothin' at all—just "suspishes carickters" or sumpin' like that. Why when we was waitin' trial, the jail had twice as many in it as it could hold, all waitin' their turn fer the courts to clean 'em out".

"Well, you fellows didn't look suspicious," I prodded.

"No, but that — — —cop hadn't pinched anybody yet, and he thought maybe perhaps we'd swiped the car. And when they searched us they found two gats we wuz carryin' under the seat for perreckshin. Well, you know as well as I do, that you kin do that in Cunneticut, just so long you ain't

got them in your pocket. But it ain't that way in Phillie—they're strict as—there. So they locked us up. Asked us if we'd ever been in jail before, and we said, "No." But that very night they sent a telygraft to Cheshire and Fawcett—you know that mean cop that wuz pinchin' everybody for nothing last summer—he writes back, "yes, he wuz up for six months for bootleggin."

"And was he, this pal of yours?"

"Yeah, but that wuz a long time ago, and he's run pretty straight ever since, and anyhow Fawcett didn't have to spoil the whole works by sayint "Yes, he wuz." That wasn't none of his business. So we had to wait till they seen if we wuz want'd anywhere else."

"And what did you do all the time"?

I was becoming more and more interested.

"Oh, we had to scrub our cell every mornin', then we'd set around and chew the fat—they wuz two or three of us in each cell for one—or we'd smoke if we had the money to buy them from the kid who come around. The guy I was in the same cell with wuz a safe-breaker. The day after he got out before, seven cops—it took seven of them to do it—seven of them caught him drunk in an empty apartment. He hadn't done nothin'. Me'n him got to be pretty good pals and he took me all around the Sesky-centen'l when we got out. He wuz a good guy. He'd never served time—he allus hed a good loyer. He told me if I wuz ever out of a job, just to look him up—I still got his address.

"Then we all had to take turns scrubbin' the halls outside the cells," twenty-five of us each day. We could chat with the fellers in each cell we wuz scrubbin' in front of. Some of them wuz good guys too. One old coon on the top floor and me got acquainted pretty good. He wuz up for murder. Another nigger he'd come buttin' into his business, and started carvin' him up with a razor—he showed me the cuts all over his face and neck—so he plugged him with a gat. What would you hev done if you wuz him?—well, that's all he done. Geez, but he wuz shaky, but he said I wuz alright.

"Then, when we finished work, we'd all sit around the scrub room tellin' stories until the guards came

to lock us up in our cells again. And maybe some of them guys didn't have some good yarns about the cops."

"And the food"? I asked.

"Rotten," snapped back the answer.

'Dirty, sour, black coffee without milk and sugar, and dark bread, and soup, soup, till I wuz sick of it. Yuh know, them fellows usta kid me along about it. 'Once you've tasted prison grub, kid,' they used to tell me, 'you're sure to taste it agin'. Some of them hed bin up fifty times.'

He straightened up his lank six feet two as far as was possible in the low colony house, heaved a sigh, and added, "Gosh but I hope I don't."

Inwardly I echoed the hope, for I like Stanley. But would you wonder?

The Science Story of Macdonald College

THE GOODMAN MACDONALD a hardy BRITTON was a potato farmer. He DUGGAN hole in the spring and planted some MURPHYS. However, hard luck set in, he received SMAILL to the effect that two of his sons THOMAS and ALLEN had fallen in a water HASARD while playing golf at the BEACH and were drowned. He then learned that his lawyer who lived at the TOWNSEND didn't PLAYFAIR with him and that he had lost his farm.

His wife LENA, (AND-'ER-SON MAC)PHAIL (ED) to understand him when he signed a document with his PARKER pen but he knew what he was doing for he made a GOODWIN

when he got a share in a tobacco company. He soon owned it owing to his cleverness and made MACDONALD'S "Tobacco with a Heart" famous. Being now well off he founded an Agricultural College in Quebec called MACDONALD College. Here everything was fitted up for boys to learn how to grow MACINTOSH and KING apples and now has many a BLOOM (ing) FIELD planted with grain to make GRAHAM flour.

So endeth the story of Mr. MACDONALD. He can be seen any day driving to his TAYLOR'S in his carriage with his GRAY and BROWN horses.

Taxi Mister?

SOL AUERBACH

Univ. of Pennsylvania

They gave me what was officially known as an **03** cab. The drivers called them "boilers" or "cement mixers." The cab is clumsy and difficult to steer. The gears are as hard to shift as those of a five-ton truck. The car cannot go up the slightest grade on high. It has no self-starter, and since we were not allowed to leave the motor running, our hands, from cranking, became as calloused as a pine cone.

We were paid on a purely commission basis of **33 1/3** per cent. The cab people had the Sesqui-centennial hysteria. There were twice as many Yellow Cabs on the street as in a normal summer. The average pay was about **\$20** a week to which can be added **\$10** in tips.

When I received my first few tips I felt uncomfortable. It is an awkward moment when you are counting out the change with the question in your mind, "What will he give me? Shall I give him a quarter, two dimes and a nickel, or two quarters?" The passenger at the same moment asks himself, "What shall I give him. That clever fellow is counting the change with an idea." Sooner or later the awkward moment becomes a part of the racket. Tips are figured in as part of the earnings and the driver looks upon them as his rightful wages. A quarter is a satisfactory tip. More often we got ten or fifteen cents, and many times we were left "flat." Gangsters and gamblers are the most

liberal tippers. A workingman with his family of six once a month follows a close second. Jews, no matter of what class, are very liberal. The usual run of people that we pick out of the Bellevue-Stratford and the Ritz ride short and give you a cheap cigar or ten cents. Once I got a **\$5** tip from a man out of one of the big hotels—and he wasn't drunk. That is called a lucky break. It is a cabman's dream and happens once in a lifetime.

People who have used cabs tell me that a cab-driver looks so unapproachable and straight-faced that they are afraid to speak to him. To look that way is a part of his business. There are many things that a cab-driver must not see. Strange happenings in the back of his cab. Mysterious night journeys. All kinds of people. But those very people should hear their straight-laced, eyes-front driver talk to his buddies in his moments of idle waiting. He has seen everything. And there is hardly anything new that happens. One runs the whole gamut of such affairs in a few weeks' time. I was on a night shift. I saw the night life of the city. I had worked at night before as a newspaper carrier; but then I saw the breadman, the milkman, the people going to work, lunch pail in hand, wiping the sleep out of their eyes, grim, hardened to work. This summer I saw the pleasure-seeker, hardened to rum, women and gambling.

I "played" regularly, after 1 a.m. the busiest street intersection of West Philadelphia. On the second story of one corner building was a large gambling joint. A few doors along, a saloon. A door or two on the other side, a cafe where drink and women were for sale. Two girls also "played" that corner regularly. Every night they were there and every night they were "picked up," sometimes by cops, sometimes by smart men in automobiles. Many a girl was transferred from a private car on that corner to a cab to be taken home. Men have stepped into my cab to go home and have picked a companion out of the street. I have had to lift drunks out of my cab who were so powerless that they could not open the door. During the day this corner is the business and trading center for the respectable families of West Philadelphia. These things do not happen once a week, or even once a night, but all night long in all parts of the city.

I had qualms about applying to the Yellow Cab Company of Philadelphia. When I had applied to them two years before they had asked me to sign a non-union agreement and I had refused. Now they were under Mitten management. There would be no non-union agreement to sign, but still there was no union.

Organization of transportation workers meets with a great difficulty in the fact that the nature of the job is such that the men work by themselves or in groups of two. In the case of the cab-drivers there is the additional factor of a twofold competition, on the one hand among the

men of one company, on the other between men of competing companies. This very condition is aggravated by the policy of the companies.

In case of strike, where the sympathy of the public is of such importance, the regular riders are not such as would give much thought to the drivers. The workingman, from whom sympathy is to be expected, is not a cab-driver. Peaceful picketing is almost impossible, since drivers are easy to obtain, and scattered.

—We are indebted to the publishers of "THE NATION", 20 Vesey Street, New York, for this interesting article.

The winner of the Student-Worker prize of \$100 offered by **The Nation** for the best account by an American college student of summer work in industry or agriculture has been awarded to Sol Auerbach of Philadelphia, a senior in the University of Pennsylvania.

Students from Yale, Harvard, Michigan, Wisconsin, Johns Hopkins, Bryn Mawr, Oberlin, North Dakota, Northwestern, Stanford and the University of Pennsylvania took part in the contest. Railroading, mining, tanning, dyeing and printing were some of the industries in which the students worked. Several were employed by the Ford Motor Company.

Mr. Auerbach who drove a taxi for the Yellow Cab Company of Philadelphia, says that during his three months of work he has learned as much as in his three years of college and that he is "tickled to death when a page of **"The History of Aesthetics"** catches on a callous."

My Selves

H. E. BALLER

There are many famous people in this world—there always have been, and always will be, but have we ever stopped to consider who has been the most interesting, and why? They impress us with their numerous moods and feelings. Many have made names for themselves,—painters, sculptors, historians, critics, essayists, poets, actors and philosophers, all of whom the world has seen in various moods and temperaments. They have all been, and still are, very interesting, extremely interesting, because of the way they have expressed their personality in their accomplishments. Personality is not the expression of one mood of a person, it is the combination of many which constitutes the distinction of any individual.

Everyone is made up of different moods, feelings, temperaments, or whatever you choose to call them, and I am no exception to the rule. Each of us is only one being, but it is surprising how many selves go to make up that being. We have one self for every mood. At least, I have, but I did not think so until I came face to face with the title of this essay. Now that I have entered upon this train of thought, it is interesting as well as very disillusioning to find out how different I am to what I thought I was. Sometimes I even have to stop and ask myself if it is really me; and not someone else, who is behaving or thinking in such a manner, only to realize that it is one of my many selves. It seems dreadfully conceited to ramble along writing about ones' self like this, especially when one is so inconspicuous and unimportant as I

am, but disregarding conceit, and speaking from the viewpoint of self-interest alone, it is amusing and surprising, to say the least, to notice how joy and sorrow, anger and pensiveness, despondency and contentment affect us, and make different people of us all.

When I am in a happy mood, I think everyone else should be the same, and immediately proceed to try to make them look that way, somehow or other, when I am feeling particularly joyful and come in contact with a sour-looking person, it makes me, well, if I were a man, I would say that makes me feel hot round the collar. Energy, life, excitement, pleasure, fun, enthusiasm, surge through me, so that I feel the necessity of actually exploding. Now this expression of my emotions is often greeted with a stern reproof, but it does not affect me in the least, I accept it cheerily, and that is all.

What a little thing a smile is,

But O! what wonders doth it work!

All difficulties appear easy, all obstacles are overcome, joy and sunshine is in evidence everywhere. Merry little tunes run through my mind all day long,—to be sad is a thing impossible!

But life is full of joys and sorrows; we cannot expect one without the other, therefore all my Pleasure gives way to a savour of sorrow, and I find myself in an entirely different mood, and an entirely different person. I am seized with a feeling of sorrow, probably from something I have done and regretted, probably from some disappointment or other. What a perfect-

ly hopeless person I feel! Everything seems so dark and dismal. The happy laughter of children playing, the songs of the birds, the bright sunshine, seem as if they were mocking my sadness. How bright the world was yesterday! What an entirely different person I was! Everyone was so good-natured,—all were happy. Today, all is darkness. The roof of my house of cards has fallen on me. I am listless, sad and so alone. I try to conquer that feeling and think of the joys of yesterday, but all is bitter. The beauties of nature which once had inspired me are so dissatisfying now. They seem not only to impress my present sorrow, but to recall past ones long since forgotten. I hear only whispering sighs from the trees, only sympathetic gurgles from the brook as it sobs wearily on its way, and I cannot help but utter

“O summer sun, O moving trees,
O what human noise, O busy glistening street,

What hour shall Fate in all the future find

To banish these sad thoughts from out my mind?”

But these sad thoughts remain. A word uttered is taken up wrongly, is misunderstood. My temper is ruffled—anger is in evidence. My eyes flash, at least they feel as if they do, my face drops, frowns collect, my disposition is anything but sweet. All is faulty, nothing is correct. Irritable, touchy, nasty, are the adjectives that may be used to describe this self. I hate to think it is part of me! Sarcasm flows from my speech, words are uttered which would have been better left unsaid. I have become almost cynical. Then I notice that the people around me are becoming the same or that I am left alone, and

the words of Coleridge come to my mind:—

“Alas! they had been friends in youth,

But whispering tongues can poison truth,

And life is thorny and youth is vain,

And to be wrath with one you love
Doth work like madness in the brain.”

This gruesome feeling leaves me ashamed and pensive.

So the storm subsides to calm. I have no extremely bitter thoughts, no exceedingly joyful ones. I am just thoughtful and calm.

Then I love to wander off by myself, not that I dislike companionship for.

“A fellow feeling makes one wonderful kind,” but I just like to be alone when I am feeling thoughtful. Nothing is more pleasing to me when I am in this mood than to sit upon a huge rock in some silent wood and gaze steadfastly into some dark stagnant pool. The tiny insects dart noiselessly across the surface of the water leaving ripply trails behind them which soon vanish, and all is motionless once more.

Contentment gradually winds itself into my pensiveness and I feel at peace with the world at large, until my thought follows another direction and I sink into despondency. Although this feeling does not occur very often, nevertheless it tends to form another self, and I feel that sometimes I am even despondent.

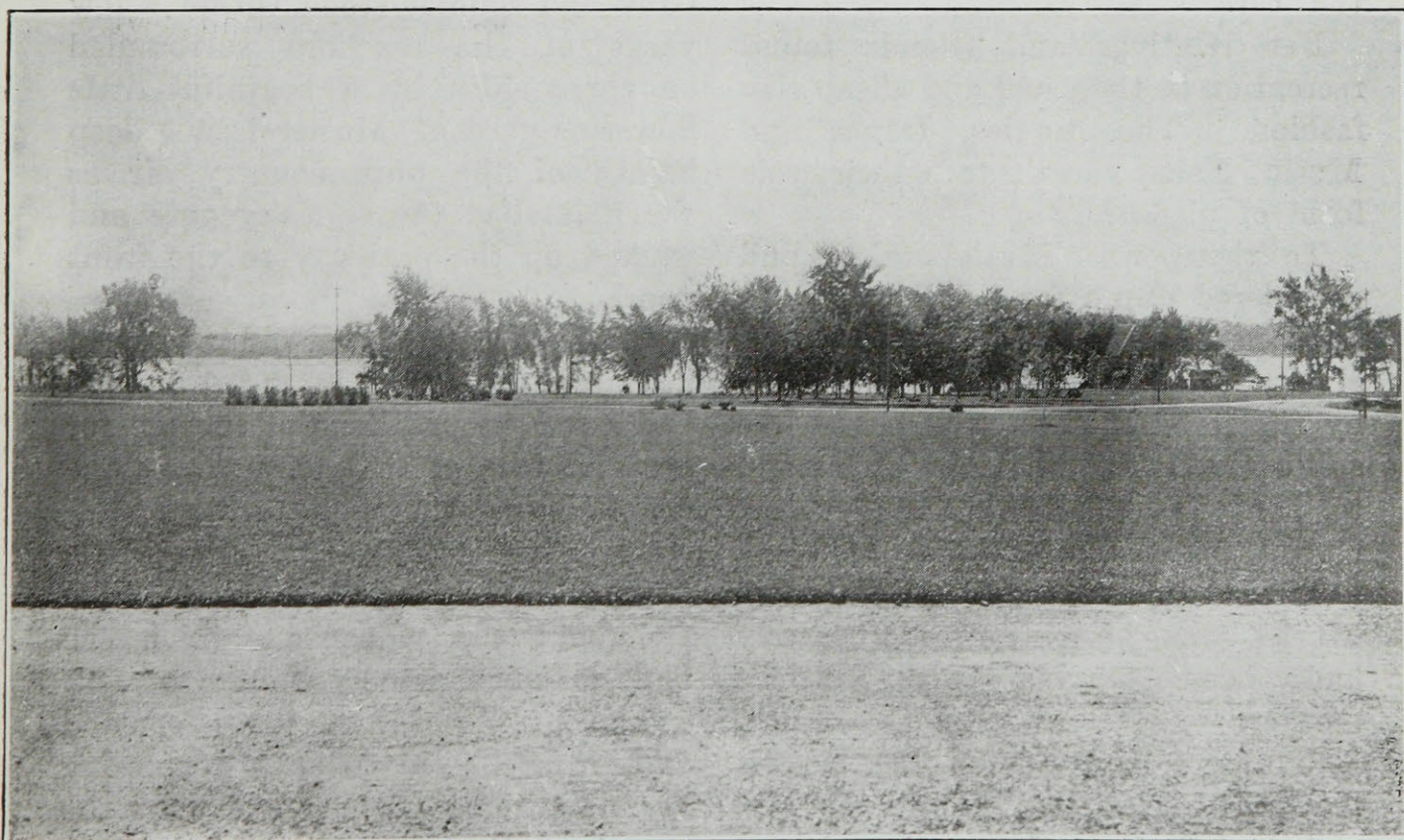
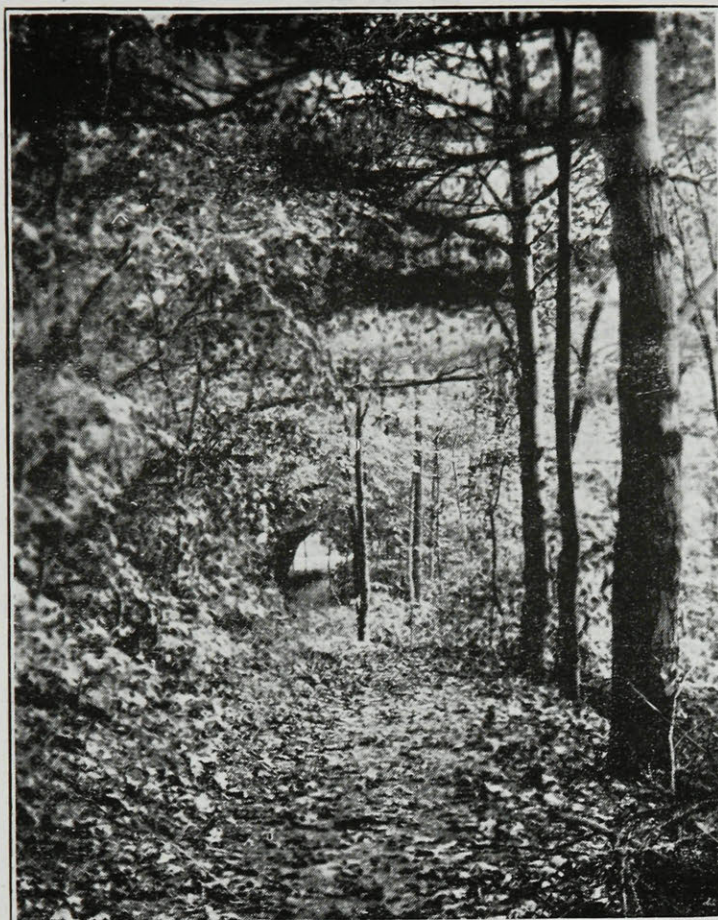
It is strange how closely all our many moods and feelings are connected; how they flow from one to another. But how extremely different and

separate are the many selves which these same feelings make! All these selves are very distinct and apart, but they are all, by some ingenuous power, brought together into one being. That is why I am interesting-

What We Want To Know

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>(1) Why a certain popular Junior subscribes to the "Smart Set."</p> <p>(2) What is the Five F Club.</p> <p>(3) Who is the most popular Co-Ed.</p> <p>(5) Who is the most popular Aggie.</p> <p>(6) Who is the most useful student round the college.</p> <p>(7) If the Arab who discovered alcohol did not really succeed in his attempts to discover the Elixir of Life.</p> <p>(8) What is the Yellow Press, and who publishes it.</p> <p>(9) Who is the "smut—Snifter."</p> <p>(10) Who is "big-Hearted," and if he really meant it.</p> <p>(11) Who owns the cocoa.</p> <p>(12) Who is the budding politician and if he intends to allow the slur go unavenged.</p> | <p>(13) What does "good sport" mean applied to a co-ed.</p> <p>(14) Who is the prominent Soph who forgot to wind up the clock.</p> <p>(15) When is a Rose a Buttercup, and if a rose by any other name is really as sweet.</p> <p>(16) What Aggie is probably interested in the School of Household Science. The answer is-several.</p> <p>(17) Where is Gas Alley and who lives there.</p> <p>(18) Who is going to be President of the Student Council.</p> <p>(19) Which two co-eds are the planet and satellite.</p> <p>(20) What practical application the proverb "A change is as good as a rest" has at this institute of higher education.</p> |
|--|---|





Fate

CANTAB

So few people are able to follow their natural vocations in life and so many are forced by circumstances to do otherwise.

To this majority belonged Muriel Newton. From the day of her birth she had lived with her parents, sisters and brother in a small house on a proportionately small street in the city of Birmingham. At the age of sixteen she had been considered fortunate in obtaining a position in a millinery shop, where she was able to earn a few shillings a week, and now, four years later, her position remained unaltered.

Never having had the opportunity of experiencing anything different to a city life, it is hard to explain the continual longing that she suffered for a change of surroundings and a life in the country. Yet such was the case.

Her relatives and friends found recreation in the usual and cheap city fashion. The Movies, Dance and Music Halls constituted their sole form of pleasure.

To these was Muriel taken and considered dumb for being unable to appreciate that which they had to give. And thus was Muriel compelled by the force of circumstances to live a life that was altogether distasteful to her.

And then the unexpected happened.

Twenty years ago just before Muriel was born an elderly lady had been staying with Muriel's mother.

She came from Sussex, but besides this, little else was known of her, and she left after a few weeks sojourn, not to be heard of again until now

when she died and left some property to the tiny baby that she then remembered.

The excitement was intense in Muriel's home on receiving this news. Her mother warned her of the dangers of setting up house "like a lady," and her father reminded her that since there was very little cash available with the property, it would be wiser to sell it. Her sisters murmured approval, while her brother eulogised on the importance of capital for successful business in the city.

But Muriel insisted that she would at least go and see the property for herself before deciding on any definite plan. So she waited patiently till her summer holiday was due, and then set off by herself to the little seaside village of Pevensey.

Yes, there it was. Her little house. Grey and solid it stood within a few yards of the seashore surrounded on three sides by a beautiful little flowering garden. Muriel drew a deep breath of the pure country air as she unlatched the squeaky gate and walked up the pathway to the front door.

Inside she met a dear old lady who, having heard of her intended arrival, had come to prepare the cottage for her and was, at that moment, in the act of laying the table for tea.

The two talked for some little time, Muriel being delighted to learn all about the village in which she had so unexpectedly found herself.

The old lady had just departed and Muriel was intently exploring her new home when she caught the sound of the squeaky hinges being turned on the garden gate.

She came to the door and there met a young man who, having pardoned himself for intruding, explained that he had been sent by Messrs. Carter and Cooke to inform her that they had received a very good offer for the cottage, and wanted to know whether they should accept it or not.

Thanking him for his trouble Muriel bade him tell the agents that she was delighted with her new possession and had no intention of selling it. She watched the young man depart, and then walked down to the seashore where the setting sun was casting its reddened rays on the gentle ripples of the Channel. She sat down and thanked God for his mercy. And for two whole days did Muriel enjoy the peace and quiet that fortune had bestowed on her.

Again the unexpected happened. A letter from her mother. The impeccable respectability of that little home in Birmingham had suddenly become stained with a foul deed. Prison for her brother....and the

price of his salvation, Muriel's inheritance.

Sorrowfully she bade farewell to her beloved little cottage, and made her way to the Agents' office.

The young man whom she met previously expressed his surprise on hearing her intentions of selling the property, but concluded that after all, it must be very lonely living in such a house. The business was contracted and the money was to be sent to Birmingham as soon as possible.

The train sped on, and soon unmistakable signs of the Black country made themselves apparent. But Muriel could see naught else but the little grey cottage with the sweet smelling flowers close to the water's edge. The train had stopped and the noise and bustle that is continuous at Snow Hill Station aroused Muriel from her dreams. She stepped from her carriage and walked away; and as she walked she sighed, and wondered if freedom really existed.



The Uses of Disagreeable People

EDITH TARRANT

There are many ways in which people may be disagreeable. One of the most common ways is in appearance. So many people would be charming were it not for their careless, untidy appearance and slovenly manner. We can never have for a real friend a person who neglects her personal appearance. People who are disagreeable in bodily looks show us that we should cultivate daintiness, carefulness and cleanliness.

Not a single day goes by but that we come in contact with some person who is decidedly disagreeable in speech. Still, these people have their uses. The gossip, for example, is a very effective means of making us "Walk circumspectly," and also teaches us to keep a tight rein on our tongues. Disagreeable words from others teach us that we should be careful not to hurt another's feelings, nor to ridicule anyone who is unfortunate in dress, physical defects or any other way. A haughty, unpleasant bearing toward our fellow men should teach us to be courteous, kind and thoughtful to everyone with whom we associate. The force of the example of bullying, fretful, conceited people, is that we determine to be otherwise.

We should strive to show the "charity which thinketh no evil" toward habitually disagreeable people, thus strengthening our own moral character, as the muscles are strengthened by exercise. These same people may have become disagreeable without being at all conscious of it, thinking that others are to blame for the evident dislike of their company.

If there were no disagreeable persons in the world, we would not appreciate our agreeable friends. It is the contrast which draws our attention to their virtues. Again, to live pleasantly with them would tend to develop a high degree of tact and angelic conduct upon our part. Selfish people, by that quality, force their companions to be unselfish. Bad tempered people can only be influenced by those who keep themselves under control, thus encouraging self-control.

Psychologists find disagreeable people interesting subjects for study, but in our everyday life we usually regard them as "Job's boils," helping us to gain greater patience. If we were all angels, this world would be extremely monotonous. We need a thunderstorm now and then to make us appreciate the sunshine. What a dull life this would be if we all agreed and never had space for an argument. Thus we see, that although we get tired of enduring all the whims of these people, they are like mustard plasters rather painful, but beneficial in the end.

These same people, whom we find most disagreeable, are doing their part in building up and rounding out our character. We usually consider all people who criticize us as being especially disagreeable; yet it may be that we are in need of that particular kind of tonic. We may have fallen into the bad habit of finding fault with our environment, or with anything which does not quite come up to our preconceived ideas of the fitness of things. If so, we certainly need our angles rubbed

off by contact with the sandpaper-like qualities of harsh criticism from others. It might tend toward our cultivation of a more contented frame of mind.

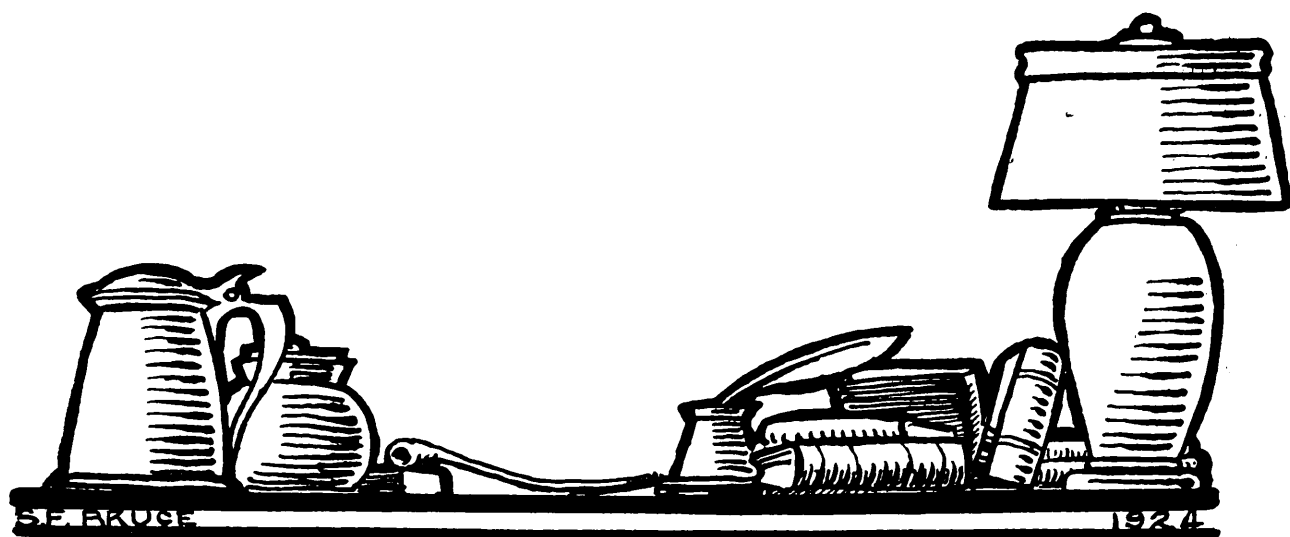
Often while in training for our life work we become extremely sensitive toward any disparaging remarks expressed by those over us, who really have our best interests and advancement in view. Instead of thinking them disagreeable we should really thank them for pointing out the pitfalls into which they themselves may have fallen in youth. The study of the biographies of the world's greatest leaders will show that they only became truly great by overcoming obstacles and by converting their most disagreeable enemies into lasting friends.

The world would not go on advancing if it were not stirred up occasional-

ly by the disagreeable people. We have only to look into a book of History, study the lives of many of the men and women there, to discover the important results of their disagreeableness upon the world. We read of King John of England, whose injustice gave England the Magna Charta. No one admired Henry VIII, yet he caused England to free herself from the slavery of the Roman Catholic Church. The Spanish Inquisition may be termed the acme of disagreeableness, yet it served its purpose in causing people to think more deeply on what religion should mean. Thus we might go on and on, finding examples of the uses of disagreeable people.

We should consider, then, that disagreeable people are only a necessary part of the discipline of life, but let us see to it that we are not enrolled in their ranks.





Under The Desk Lamp

TO THE EDITORS—

Dear Sir:—

In perusing the Jan.—Feb. edition of the College Magazine, I came across two excellent articles, which had been inspired, apparently, by what I wrote under the heading of Co-education in the previous issue.

It is, indeed, encouraging thus to learn that there are at least a few people who condescend to read the Magazine; but that there should have been sufficient interest aroused by the publication of a single article, so as to have produced two others in reply, is, in fact, remarkable. I feel gratified, dear Sir, to think that my pen has been in part responsible for the success with which the Jan.—Feb. issue of the Magazine has met.

However, it was with much regret that I noticed "Onlooker," in his article entitled "Co-education," stating that certain people have been insulted by what I previously wrote. If, indeed, this be true—though I sincerely hope that is not the case—permit me at once to say that it was never my intention to insult anybody, and allow me to offer my apologies

to all those to whom "Onlooker" referred.

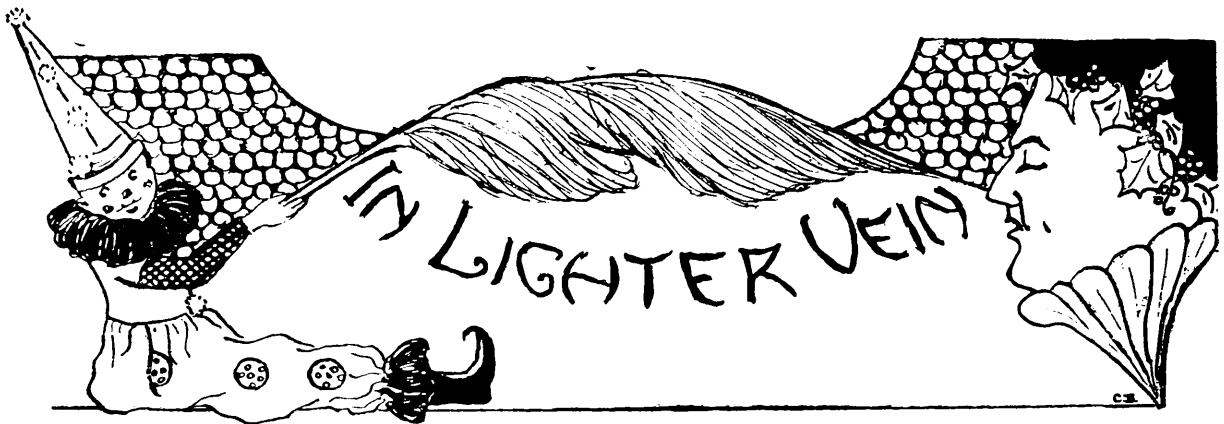
I must, nevertheless, congratulate "Onlooker" on being sufficiently wise to give a perfectly correct definition of the word "Cantab;" but that he should have deemed it necessary to broadcast such elementary information through the Magazine is nothing short of an insult to the readers themselves.

His excuse appears to be, "For the benefit of those who felt insulted." I really fail to see what possible benefit these unfortunates can hope to gain merely by being given such a definition.

That any confusion could have conceivably arisen between the words "Cantab" and "Confab," is hardly creditable. One can only conclude that "Onlooker" must be possessed of an amazingly imaginative mentality if he seriously considered it advisable to warn his readers of such an improbable pitfall.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,
CANTAB.



Doctor: "What you need is a long rest."

Patient: "But, doc, I've had a government job for fifteen years already."

Pat: "Try one of my cigarettes, old man, they're the best thing out."

Mac: "How are they when they're lit?"

"That's me all over" said the workman as he dropped the dynamite.

Collars will be worn as usual by the Dandy this month.

Lady: "I'm worried about my complexion, doctor. Look at my face."

Doctor: "You have to diet."

Lady: "I never thought of that. What color do you think would suit me best?"

Our idea of an optimist is a man who takes a frying pan on a fishing trip.

Some schoolboy "Howlers."

"Denmark is washed by the Catty Cat and the Scaggy Hack," wrote a despairing English boy at a Geography examination.

"The highest peaks in the Alps is the Blanc Mange."

"Amongst the Islands of the West Indies are the Pyjamas, noted for toilet sponges."

"Ceylon is jointed to India by a chain of Coral wreaths."

"A focus is a thing like a mushroom, but if you eat it you will feel differently from a mushroom, for focuses is poison."

"Habeas Corpus is what the people used to say to the undertakers at the time of the great plague of London. It means, 'You may have the body.'"

"Louis XVI was gelatinized during the French Revolution."

"Chaplets are small places of worship."

A man of any nation is tolerable, to a man of any other nation, provided he is tolerant.

"Star" Agencies wanted.

"Traveller covering Quebec to Ottawa desires to increase his line."

He must be a pretty good shot at the bull already, and now he will be tremendously voluble.

"Two first class clean cut security salesmen wanted experience not necessary."

The good-looking "nut" type we presume.

"Acetylene welder and burner wants work—will take anything."

Looks like a burglar—unemployed—we can give him a job, to take the place of the enigmatic "Collectors" of toothbrushes—on condition he turns over everything to the claims office M.C.M.Box. (No. to be supplied by the editors.)

He who calls a pink hunting coat red is liable to utter destruction by the M.P.H. But he who gets measles is put into the sick room and given a whale of a good time.

"When is a man drunk?" asks a board of London Physicians.

A jovial rotund German was sitting with his son at table in a beer

garden. "Fader," said the latter, "How can you tell ven von is drunk?"

"Vell, mine son," replied the father, "you see those two men over dere Ven dose two men look like four, den we are drunk."

"But fader," said the boy, "dere is only von man over dere."

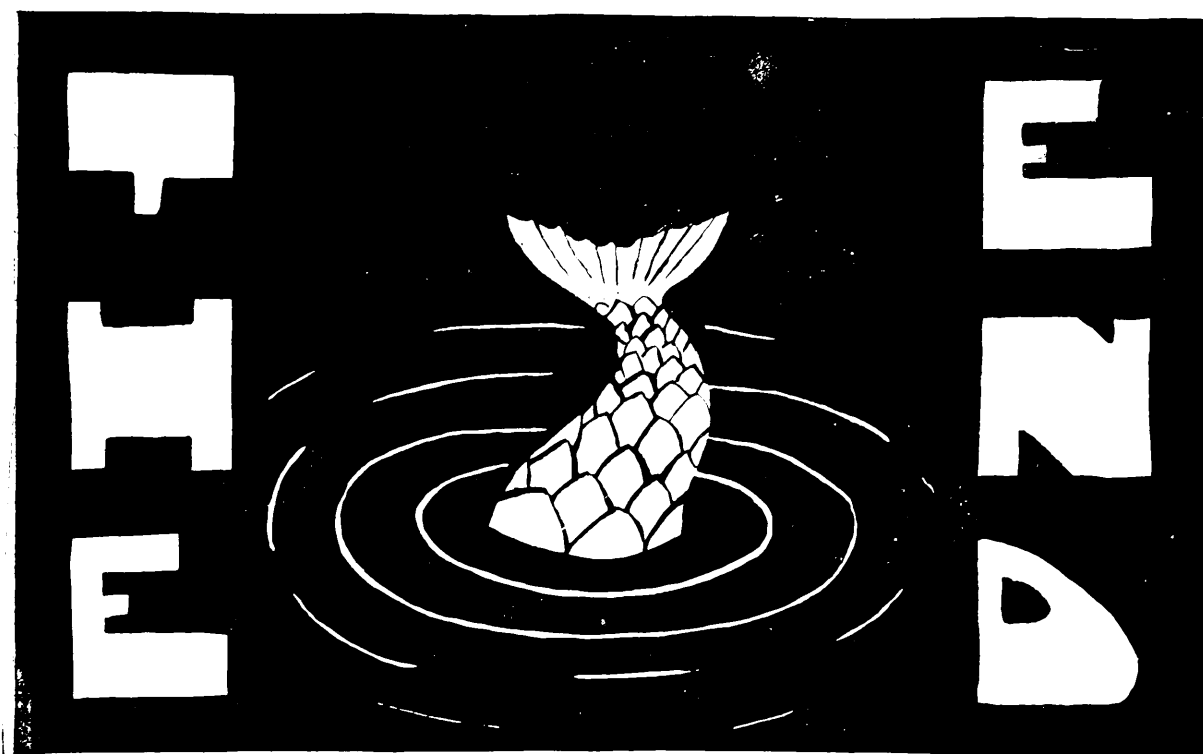
"So your uncle died from the infirmities of âge?"

"Yes; the chauffeur who ran over him said poor old uncle seemed unable to see, hear, or jump."

A TIFF

("Mac" fussers please note.)

Her heart was in trouble,
Her mind was distressed,
Her body grew weary,
And could not find rest,
Till love brought a solace
A tear and a kiss,
The words, "I am sorry"
Brought both of them bliss.



Eastern Drill Scene



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